

MUSICAL PART

OF

CHOICE SONGS

GLASGOW

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BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER

10, N. B. STREET, GLASGOW

MAY BE HAD



THE
MUSICAL BANQUET.

THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY Neptune, one day, to Freedom did say,
If ever I live upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain:
Says Freedom, Why that's my own island,
Oh! what a snug little island,
A right little tight little island,
Search the globe round, none can be found,
So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water, he couldn't come by land;
And Dane, Pict and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the sake of our island;
Oh! what a snug little island,
They'd all have a touch at the island,
Some were shot dead,—some of them fled,
And some stay'd to live in the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, Damn it, I never lik'd my land;
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful island.
Says he, 'tis a snug little island,
Shan't us go visit the island:
Hop, skip, and jump,—there he was plump,
And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
 Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict we ne'er had been lick'd,
 Had they stuck to the king of the island;
 Poor Harold the king of the island,
 He lost both his life and his island,
 That's very true,—what could he do?
 Like a Briton he died for his island.

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade a',
 Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,
 They con'dn't do no less than suck up queen Bess,
 And take their full swing in the island;
 Oh the poor queen of the island,
 The drones came to plunder the island.
 But snug in her hive—the queen was alive,
 And buz was the word at the island.

These proud puff'd up cakes, thought to make ducks and drakes,
 Of our wealth, but they scarcely could spy land,
 E'er our Drake had the luck, to make their pride duck,
 And stoop to the lads of the island;
 Huzza, for the lads of the island;
 The good wooden walls of the island:
 Devil or don,—let 'em come on,
 For w would they come off at the island.

I don't wonder much, that the French and the Dutch,
 Have since been oft tempted to try land;
 And I wonder much less, they have met no success,
 For why should we give up our island:
 Oh! 'tis a wonderful island,
 All of 'em long for the island:
 Hold a bit there, (let 'em)—take fire and air;
 But we'll have the sea and the island.

Then, since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept time,
 In each saying, This shall be my land:
 Should the army of England, or all they could bring land;
 We'd show 'em some play for the island;
 We'd fight for our right to the island,
 We'd give 'em enough of the island:
 Frenchmen should just,—bite at our dust,
 But not a bit more of the island.

ON ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.

ENROLL'D in our bright annals lives full many a gallant
 name,
 But never British heart conceiv'd a prouder deed of fame,
 But never British heart conceiv'd, but never British heart
 conceiv'd,

A prouder deed of fame, a prouder deed of fame.

To shield our liberties and laws, to guard our sov'reign's
 crown,

Than noble Duncan's mighty arm atchiev'd off Camperdown.

To shield our liberties and laws, to guard our sov'reign's
 crown,

Immortal be the glorious deed atchiev'd off Camperdown.

October the eleventh it was, he spied the Dutch at nine,
 The British signal flew to break their close embattl'd line;
 Their line was broke, for all our tars on that auspicious day
 All bitter memory of the past had vow'd to wipe away.

Their line was broke, &c.

At three o'clock nine mighty ships had struck their colours
proud,
And two brave admirals at his feet their vanquish'd flags
had bow'd:
Our Duncan's tow'ring colours stream'd all honour to the
last,
For in the battles fiercest rage, he nailed them to the mast;
Our Duncan's towering colours, &c.

The victory was now complete; the cannon ceas'd to roar;
The scatter'd remnants of the foe slunk to their native shore;
No power the pride of conquest had his heart to lead astray,
He summoned his triumphant crew, and thus was heard to
say,

CHORUS.

"Let every man now bend the knee, and here in solemn
pray'r,
"Give thanks to God, who in this fight has made our cause
his care,"

Then on the deck, the noble field of that proud day's renown,
Brave Duncan with his crew devout before their God knelt
down,
And humbly blest'd his providence, and hail'd his guardian
power,
Who valour, strength, and skill inspir'd in that dread battle's
hour.
And humbly blest'd, &c.

The captive Dutch this solemn scene survey'd with silent
awe,
And rue'd the day when Holland join'd to France's impious
law,

And mark'd, how virtue, courage, faith unite to form this
land,

For victory, for fame, and power, just rule, and high com-
mand.

And mark'd, &c.

The Venerable was the ship, that bore his flag to fame,
Our veteran hero well becomes his gallant vessel's name,
Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a stormy day,
For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way.

GRAND CHORUS.

Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a stormy day,
For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way;
The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,
And venerable ever be our vet'ran Duncan's name!

DUNCAN GRAY.

BY R. BURNS.

DUNCAN Gray came here to woo, ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On new-year's day when we were fou, ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Maggie coost her head fu' high,

Look'd asklent and unco skiegh

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh, ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd, ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Meg was deaf as Chelsea craigs, ha, ha, the wooing o't;

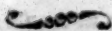
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

Grat his een baith blear'd and blin,

Spak' o' laying o'er a lin, ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide, ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Slighted love is fair to bide, ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Shall I like a fool quoth he,
 For a haughty huffy die;
 She may gae to France for me, ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let dortonis tell, ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Meg grew sick, as he grew frail, ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings,
 And oh her een they spak' sic things, ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan was a lad of grace, ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Maggy's was a ticklish case, ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Duncan could not be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wreath:
 Now, they're crouze and canty baith, ha, ha, the wooing o't.



AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

AWAY with melancholy, nor doleful changes ring,
 On life and human folly, but merrily, merrily sing, fal la,
 Come on ye rosy hours, gay smiling moments bring,
 We'll strew the way with flow'rs, and merrily, merrily, sing,
 fal la,
 For what's the use of sighing when time is on the wing,
 Can we prevent his flying, then merrily, merrily, sing, fal la.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

BY R. BURNS.

ON a bank of flowers one summer's day;
 For summers lightly dress'd,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep oppress'd.
 When Willy wand'ring thro' the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had su'd,
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And trembl'd when he stood.

Her clos'd eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose,
 Her lips still as the fragrant breath'd,
 It richer dy'd the rose.

The springing lillies sweetly press'd,
 Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace,
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace.

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole:
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 On fear inspired wings;
 So Nelly startling half awake,
 Away affrighted springs.
 But Willy follow'd as he should,
 He overtook her in the wood,
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.



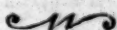
THE POOR LITTLE GIPSY.

A poor little gipsy I wander forlorn;
 My fortune was told long before I was born,
 So fortunes I tell as forsaken I stray,
 And in search of my love I am lost on my way;
 Spare a halfpenny, spare a halfpenny,
 Spare a poor little gipsy, a gipsy a halfpenny,
 Spare a poor little gipsy a halfpenny,

I fear from this line you have been a sad man,
 And to harm us poor girls have form'd many a plan;
 Beware lest repentance too late cause you pain,
 And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

Thro' wilds and thro' forests as wearied I roam,
 Long absent from friends, from parents and home,
 Tho' sad is my heart and tho' sore are my feet,
 Yet I sing on my way thus to all that I meet,
 Spare a halfpenny, &c.



COME BUY MY EARTHEN WARE.

COME buy, come buy my earthen ware,
 Form'd by the potter's skill,
 The yielding clay his hands prepare,
 And fashion to his will:
 No flaw is found they all ring found,
 Ding, dong, like bells so clear,
 Then cheerily, cheerily, flock to me,
 And buy my earthen ware,
 Buy my earthen ware,
 O! Buy my earthen ware,
 Then cheerily, cheerily, flock to me,
 And buy my earthen ware.

Here's Toby's jug for toping fam'd,
 Well fill'd 'twill make you gay,
 For as 'tis quaff'd the lover's nam'd.

That animates your clay.

No flaw is found they all ring sound,

Ding dong, like bells so clear, &c.

MY NATIVE LAND I BADE ADIEU.

MY native land I bade adieu,

And calmly friendship's joys resign'd;

But ah how keen my sorrows grew,

When my true love I left behind.

Yet should her truth feel no decay,

Should absence prove my charmer kind,

Then shall not I lament the day,

When my true love I left behind.

My native I bade land adieu,

And calmly friendship's joys resigned;

But oh how keen my sorrows grew,

When my true love I left behind,

But oh how keen my sorrows grew,

When my true love I left behind.

MOUNSEER NONG TONG PAW.

JOHN Bull for pastime took a prance,
 Some time ago to peep at France,
 To talk of sciences and arts,
 And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts,
 Monsieur obsequious heard him speak,
 And answer'd John in heathen Greek,
 To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw,
 'Twas Monsieur Je vous en'tends pas.

John to the palais royal came,
 Its splendor almost struck him dumb;
 I say whose house is that there here?
 Hoffs! Je vous en'tends pas, Monsieur.
 What, Nong tong paw again cries John!
 This fellow is some mighty don!
 No doubt has plenty for the maw,
 I'll breakfast with this Nong tong paw.

John saw Versailles from Marli's height,
 And cried, astonish'd at the sight,
 Whose fine estate is that there here?
 Stat! Je vous en'tends pas, Monsieur;
 His? what the land and houses too!
 The fellow's richer than a Jew;

On every thing he lays his claw,
I'd like to dine with Nong tong paw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair;
John cri'd, enchanted with her air,
What lovely wench is that there here?
Vench! Je vous en'tends pas Monsieur.
What he again? upon my life;
A palace, lands, and then a wife,
Sir Joshua might delight to draw,
I'd like to sup with Nong tong paw.

But hold! whose funeral's that? cries John;
Je vous n'entends pas, what is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save,
Poor Nong tong paw, then from the grave,
His race is run, his game is up,
I'd with him breakfast, dine and sup;
But since he chuses to withdraw,
Good night t'ye Mounseer Nong tong paw.

A GLASS IS GOOD, AND A LASS IS GOOD.

A GLASS is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoak in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together:

A bottle is a very good thing,
 With a good deal of wine in it;
 A song is good when a body can sing,
 And to finish we must begin it.
 For a glass is good, and a lass is good,
 And a pipe to smook in cold weather;
 The world is good, and the people are good,
 And we're all good fellows together.

A friend is good, when you're out of good luck,
 For that is the time to try him:
 For a justice good, the haunch of a buck,
 With such a good present you buy him:
 A fine old woman is good when she's dead,
 A rogue very good for good hanging;
 A fool is good by the nose to be led,
 My good song deserves a good banging.
 For a glass is good, &c.

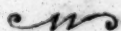
BLEAK WAS THE MORN.

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy,
 The fleecy snow frown'd on the whit'ned shore,
 Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
 While she her sailor from her bosom tore,

To his fill'd heart a little Nancy pressing,
 While a young tar, the ample trowfers ey'd,
 In need of firmness in this state distressing,
 Will check'd the rising sigh and fondly cry'd,
 Ne'er let the perils of the fickle ocean;
 Sorrows all a notion,
 Grief all in vain,
 Sweet love take heart,
 For we but part,
 In joy to meet again.

Loud blew the wind, when leaning on that willow,
 Where the name of William printed stood,
 When Nancy saw, upon a faithless billow,
 A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood,
 Her tender heart with frantic sorrow thrilling,
 Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
 No longer could resist a stroke so killing,
 'Tis he! she cri'd, nor shall I see him more!
 Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean?
 Sorrow's my portion,
 Misery and pain,
 Break my poor heart,
 For now we part,
 Never to meet again.

Mild was the eve, all nature was smiling,
 Four tedious years had Nancy pass'd in grief,
 When with her children, the sad hours beguiling,
 She saw her William fly to her relief.
 Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
 But soon return'd to life, to love and joy,
 While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
 And now Will clasps his girl and now his boy,
 Did I not say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
 Sorrow's all a notion,
 Grief all in vain,
 My joy how sweet,
 For now we meet,
 Never to part again.



THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU ! adieu! my only life,
 My honour calls me from thee!
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee.
 What though by duty I am call'd
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where valour's self might stand appal'd,
 When on the wings of thy dear love,

To heav'n above
 Thy fervent orisons are flown;
 The tender pray'r
 Thou put'st up there,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving;
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving.
 Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd, when on the wings of love,
 To heav'n above, &c.

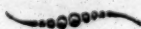
Enough with that benignant smile,
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.
 I go, assur'd, my life, adieu!
 Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle;
 Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heaven above, &c.

O! I HAE SEEN THE ROSES BLAW.

O! I hae seen the roses blaw,
 The heather bloom, the broom an a',
 The lily spring as white as snaw,
 Wi' a' their native splendor:
 Yet Mary's sweeter on the green,
 As fresh an' fair as Flora queen,
 Mair stately than the branching bean,
 And like the ivy slender.
 In nature like a summer day,
 Transcendent as a sunny ray,
 Her shape and air is frank an' gay,
 Wi' a' that's sweet an' tender.

While lavrocks sing their cheerfu' lays,
 An' shepherds brush the dewy braes,
 To meet wi' Mary's bonny face,
 Amang the shades I wander.
 My captive breast, (by fancy led)
 Adores the sweet the lovely maid,
 Wi' ilka smile and charm array'd,
 To make a heart surrender.
 I love her mair than bees do flow'rs,
 Or birks the spreading leafy bow'rs;
 Her presence yields me what the show'rs,
 To hills and valleys render.

Cou'd I obtain my charmer's love,
 Mair stable than a rock I'd prove;
 Wi' a' the meekness of a dove,
 To ilka pleasure hand her:
 If she wad like a shepherd lad,
 I'd change my cane for crook an' plaid,
 Upon the hill tune up the reed,
 An' wi' a fang commend her.
 For her I'd live a life remote;
 Wi' her I'd love a rustic cot,
 There blest kind fortune for my lot,
 And ilka comfort lend her



MEG OF WAPPING.

'TWAS landlady Meg, that made such rare flip;
 Pull away, pull away, hearties;
 At Wapping she liv'd, at the sign of the ship,
 Where tars met in such jolly parties.
 She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,
 All rigg'd out so gay and so topping;
 For she marry'd six husbands and bury'd them all,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say;
 What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping?

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The first was old Bluff, with a swinging purse;
 Pull away, pull away, jolly boys,
 He was cast away; says Meg, who cares a curse!
 As for grieving, why, lud, that's a folly, boys:
 The second in command was blear-ey'd Ned,
 While the surgeon his limb was a lopping,
 A nine pounder came, and smack'd off his head,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say;
 Rare news for my Meg of Wapping.

Then she marry'd to Sam, and Sam lov'd a sup,
 Pull away, pull away, brother;
 So groggy Sam got, and the ship it blew up,
 And Meg had to look for another.
 The fourth was bold Ben, who at danger wou'd smile,
 Till his courage a crocodile stopping,
 Made his breakfast on Ben, on the banks of the Nile;
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 What a fortunate Meg of Wapping!

Stay, who was the fifth? oh, 'twas Dick so neat;
 Pull away, pull away, so merry!
 And the savages, Dick, both kill'd and eat,
 And poor Meg she was forc'd to take Jerry:
 Death again stood her friend, for kill'd in a fray,
 He also the grave chanc'd to pop in;

So now with my song I shall soon do away,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, belay,
 The fix husbands of Meg of Wapping.

But I did not tell you how she marry'd seven;
 Pull away, pull away, so neatly!
 'Twas honest Tom T'rip, and he sent her to heaven,
 And her strong box he rummaged sweetly:
 For Meg growing old, a fond dotard she prov'd,
 And must after a boy needs be hopping;
 So she popp'd off, and Tom, with the girl he lov'd,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 Spent the shiners of old Meg of Wapping.



OLD TOWLER.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn;
 The lowing herd now quits the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn:
 Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry;
 Arise the burden of their song,
 This day a stag must die.
 With a hey ho chivy,
 Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy, &c.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail,
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound;
 The dogs snuff up the gale:
 The upland winds they sweep along,
 O'er fields through brakes they fly;
 The game is rous'd, too true the song,
 This day a stag must die,
 With a hey ho chivy,
 Hark forward tantivy, &c.

Poor stag the dogs thy haunches gore,
 The tears run down thy face;
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
 His joys were in the chace,
 Alike the sportsmen of the town,
 The virgin game in view;
 Are full content to run them down,
 Then they in turn pursue.
 With their hey how chivy,
 Hark forward tantivy, &c.

B 4



LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
 O'er seas and distant shores,
 With merry song and jocund tales,
 I've pass'd some pleasant hours:
 Tho' wand'ring thus, I near could find,
 A girl like blithesome Sally,
 Who picks and culls and cries aloud,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whist'ling o'er the harrow'd turf,
 From nesting in each tree,
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social gay and free;
 Yet though the lasses love as well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her that cries,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd, (of late discharg'd)
 To use my native toil,
 From fighting in my country's cause,
 To plough my country's soil,
 I care not which, with either pleas'd,
 So I possess my Sally,
 The little merry nymph that cries,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

WHEN January winds were blawing cauld,

As to the north I bent my way,
The darksome night did me enfauld,

I kend na where to lodge till day;

By my good luck a lass I met,

Just in the middle of my care,

And kindly she did me invite,

To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,

And thank'd her for her courtesie;

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,

And bad her mak' a bed for me:

She made the bed both large and wide,

Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;

She put the cup to her rosy lips,

And drank, "Young man now sleep ye found."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,

And frae my chamber went wi' speed;

But I call'd her quickly back again,

To lay some mair below my head:

A cod she laid below my head,
 And served me wi' due respect;
 And to salute her wi' a kifs,
 I put my arms about her neck.

Haud aff your hands young man, she says,
 And dinna fae uncivil be;
 Gif ye hae ony luv for me,
 O wrang na my virginity!
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivory,
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The las that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps fae fair to see,
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane
 The las that made the bed to me:
 I kifs'd her o'er and o'er again,
 And ay she wist na what to say;
 I laid her 'tween me and the wa',
 The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we raise,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie;
 But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,
 And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

I clasp'd her waist and kiss'd her syne,
 While the tear stood twinklin in her e'e;
 I said, my lassie dinna cry,
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
 And made them a' in farks to me;
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The las that made the bed to me;
 The bonnie las made the bed to me,
 The braw las made the bed to me,
 I'll ne'er forget till the day that I die,
 The las that made the bed to me.

MY NANNIE O.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
 'Mang moors an mosses many, O;
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 An' I'll away to Nannie, O:
 The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill,
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet an' young,
 Nae airtfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue,
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O:
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O:
 My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a', my Nanny, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has na care but Nannie, O;
 Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what heav'n will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my Nannie, O.

BEGONE DULL CARE.—A DUET.

BEGONE dull care, I prithee begone from me,
 Begone dull care, you and I can never agree:
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
 And fain thou wouldst me kill,
 But i'faith dull care thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man gray,
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay;
 My wife shall dance and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day,
 For I hold it one of the wisest things,
 To drive dull care away.



BEN BACKSTAY.

BEN Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna,
 Constant as purity was she;
 Her honey words like succ'ring manna,
 Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.
 One fatal morning saw them parting,
 While each the others sorrow dry'd,
 They by the tear that then was starting,
 Vow'd they'd be constant 'till they dy'd.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
 While roaring winds the sea deform,
 Ben sings, and well performs his duty,
 And braves for love the frightful storm.
 Alas in vain the vessel batter'd,
 On a rock splitting open'd wide;
 While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd;
 Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and dy'd.

The semblance of each lovely feature,
 That Ben had worn around his neck,
 Where art stood substitute for nature,
 A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.
 In fervent hope, while Anna, burning,
 Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride;
 The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
 She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and dy'd.

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.

ORIGINAL.

COMIN through the rye, poor body,
 Comin through the rye;
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin through the rye.

Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
 Jeanie's seldom dry,
 She draigl't a' her pettiscotie,
 Comin through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin through the rye,
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need a body cry.
 O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin through the glen;
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need the warld ken!
 Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Kissin is the key o' love,
 And clappin is the lock,
 And makin o's the best thing
 That e'er a young thing got.
 Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

MODERN.

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin through the rye,
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need a body cry.

Ilka body has a body,
 Ne'er a ane hae I;
 But a' the lads they loe me weel,
 And what the war am I.

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin frae the well;
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need a body tell.

Ilka body has a body,
 Ne'er a ane hae I,
 But a' the lads they loe me weel,
 And what the war am I.

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin frae the town;
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need a body gloom.

Ilka Jenny has her Jockey,
 Ne'er a ane hae I,
 But a' the lads they loe me weel,
 And what the war am I.

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COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

"COME under my plaidy, the night's gaun to fa';

"Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;

"Come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me;

"There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.

"Come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me,

"I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw:

"O come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me,

"There's room in't dear lassie! believe me, for twa.

"Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa'!

"I fear na' the cauld blast, the drift, nor the sna':

"Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lie beside ye;

"Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald, gae 'wa'!

"I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny;

"He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!

"O there's nane dance fae lightly, fae gracefu', fae tightly,

"His cheeks are like roses, his brow's like the snaw.

"Dear MARION let that fleck stick fast to the wa';

"Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava';

"The hale o' his pack, he has now on his back;

"He's *thretty*, and I'm but *threescore and twa*!

"Be frank now and kindly: I'll busk you ay finely;

"At kirk or at market they'll nane gang fae bra';

"A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,

"And flunkies to tend ye as fast as ye ca'."

' My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
 ' Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay braw';
 ' It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
 ' But waes me! I ken he has *naething ava!*

' I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
 ' I'm now mair than *twenty*; my time is but sma'!
 ' Sae gi'e me your plaidy; I'll creep in beside ye,
 ' I thought ye'd been aulder than *threescore and twa!*"

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
 Whar Johnny was lift'ning, and heard her tell a'!
 The *day* was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.

He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the sna';
 The howlet was screaming, while Johnny cried, "*Women*
 Wad marry the devil, wad he keep them bra'!"

O the deel's in the lasses! sae fond to gang bra',
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' *FOUR-SCORE* and *TWA*;
 The hale o' this marriage, is gowd and a *carriage*;
 Plain *LUVE* is the cauldest blast now that can bla'!

Yet dotards be wary, tak' tent wha ye marry;
Young wives in their coaches will whip and will ca';
 'Till they meet wi' some Johnny, that's youthfu' and bonny,
 And he'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haffit to claw!

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THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

BY DIBDIN.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,—
 And, scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd;
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the *Pilot* cheerly sung,
" By the Deep—NINE!"

And, bearing up—to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view;
 An Abbey-tow'r, an Harbour-fort,
 Or Beacon, to the vessel true:
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the *Pilot* cheerly sung,
" By the Mark—SEVEN!"

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near—
 With transport we beheld the roof,
 Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof!
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful *Pilot* sung,
" Quarter-logs—FIVE!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,
 We take in sail—she feels the tide;
 “Stand clear the cable”—is the cry,
 The anchor’s gone, we safely ride.
 The watch is set, and through the night,
 We hear the seaman with delight,
Proclaim—“ALL’S WELL!”



SONG IN THE FARMER.

ERE around the huge oak that o’ershadows yon mill,
 The fond ivy had dar’d to entwine,
 Ere the church was a ruin, that nods on the hill,
 Or a rook built his nest on the pine;

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers toil’d in this field;
 And the farm I now hold on your honour’s estate,
 Is the same that my grandfather till’d.

He dying, bequeath’d to his son a good name,
 Which, un sullied, descended to me;
 For my child I’ve preserv’d it, unblemish’d with shame,
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

MISS FORBES'S FAREWELL TO BANFF.

FAREWELL ye fields an' meadows green,
 The blest retreats of peace an' love,
 Aft have I silent stol'n from hence,
 With my young swain, a while to rove.
 Sweet was our walk, mair sweet our talk,
 Among the beauties of the spring,
 And aft we'd lean us on a bank,
 To hear the feather'd warblers sing.

The azure sky, the hills around,
 Gave double beauty to the scene,
 The lofty spires of Banff in view,
 On every side the waving grain.
 The tales of love my Jamie told,
 In such a fast an' moving strain,
 Hath so engag'd my tender heart,
 I'm loth to leave the place again.

But if the fates will be sae kind,
 As favour my return once more,
 For to enjoy the peace o' mind,
 In those retreats I had before.
 But farewell Banff! the nimble steeds,
 Doth bear me hence, I must away,
 Yet time perhaps may bring me back,
 To part nae mair from scenes so gay.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

BURNS.

IS there for honest poverty,
 Wha hangs his head and a' that,
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
 The man's the goud for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel shew, and a' that;
 An honest man, though ne'er sae poor,
 Is chief o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and flares, and a' that,
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribband, star, and a' that;
 A man of independent mind,
 Can look, and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid-faith he manna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
 His dignities, and a' that;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it shall, for a' that;
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 Whan man and man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be, and a' that.



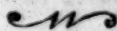
ROSLIN RUINS.

AT dead of night, the hour when courts
 Thro' the wild maze of pleasure rove,
 And Mira joins th' insnaring sports,
 While art assumes the voice of love;
 To Roslin's ruins I repair,
 A solitary wretch forlorn,
 To mourn unseen, unpitied there
 My hapless love, her cruel scorn.

No sound of joy disturbs my strain,
 No hind is whistling on the hill;
 No herdsman winding o'er the plain,
 No maiden singing by the rill.
 Ask, murm'ring thro' the darksome pines,
 Reflects the moon's uncertain beams;
 While through the clouds she faintly shines,
 In fancy's eye the pale ghost gleams.

Not so the night, that in thy halls
 Once, Roslin! danc'd in joy along;
 The owl now screams within thy walls,
 That echoed mirth's inspiring song.
 Where bats now flit on dusky wings,
 Th' empurpled feast was wont to flow;
 And beauty danc'd in graceful rings,
 Where now the dank weeds baleful grow.

What now avails how great! how gay!
 How fair! how fine, their matchless dames;
 Here sleeps their undistinguish'd clay;
 The stone effac'd, has lost their names.
 And yon gay crowds must soon expire,
 Unknown, unprais'd, their fair one's name;
 Not so the charms that verse inspire,
 Increasing years increase their fame.



THE NEGLECTED TAR.

I Sing the British seamens praise;
 A theme renown'd in story;
 It well deserves more polish'd lays;
 Oh! 'tis your boast and glory.
 When mad-brain'd war spreads death around,
 By them you are protected;
 But when in peace the nation's found,
 These bulwarks are neglected.

CHORUS.

Then, oh! protect the hardy tar;
 Be mindful of his merit;
 And when again you'r plung'd in war,
 He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
 Far on the trackless ocean;
 When lightnings dart—when thunders roll,
 And all is wild commotion;
 When o'er the bark the white topp'd waves,
 With boist'rous sweep are rolling,
 Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
 Untam'd amidst the howling.
 Then, oh! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulphurous smoke,
 He feels a glowing pleasure;
 He loads his gun—he cracks his joke,
 Elated beyond measure.
 Tho' fore and aft the blood stain'd deck
 Should lifeless trunks appear;
 Or should the vessel float a wreck,
 The sailor knows no fear.
 Then, oh! protect, &c.

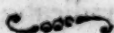
When long becalm'd, on southern brine,
 Where scorching beams assail him;
 When all the canvas hangs supine,
 And food and water fail him;

Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
 Where plenty still is reigning;
 They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
 He sighs—but scorns complaining.
 Then, oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
 Where death so oft befriends him;
 Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland frost,
 True courage still attends him:
 No clime can this eradicate;
 He glories in annoyance;
 He fearless braves the storms of fate,
 And bids grim death defiance.
 Then, oh! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
 In peace be then neglected?
 Behold him move along the pier,
 Pale, meagre, and dejected!
 Behold him begging for employ!
 Behold him disregarded!
 Then view the anguish in his eye
 And say, are tars rewarded?
 Then, oh! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe;
 In peace then would you starve them?
 What say ye Britain's sons?—oh! no!
 Protect them and preserve them.
 Shield them from poverty and pain,
 'Tis policy to do it;
 Or when grim war shall come again,
 Oh, Britons, ye may rue it!
 Then, oh! protect, &c.



GROUND IVY.

NEAR yonder hamlet in the vale,
 In peace my father's bones are laid,
 Ah! listen to my artless tale,
 For I am poor and need your aid.
 Misfortune's lorn and helpless child,
 I early to yon meadows fly,
 And there I gather boughpots wild,
 And through the streets of London cry,
 Ground ivy, ground ivy, &c.

On yonder bank sweet flow'rets grew,
 There cowslips and primroses spread;
 These now I cull with violets blue,
 And boughpots sell to buy me bread:

My daies and primroses gay,
 I tempt each passenger to buy;
 And oft aweary on my way,
 I mourn my fate, and weeping cry,
 Ground Ivy, &c.

Though friends and parents all are dead,
 Yet HE who gives the nestlings food,
 Will feed my wants, will give me bread,
 And keep me in the path of good:
 Though some with art my beauty praise,
 And strive my innocence to buy;
 I'll keep me still in virtue's ways,
 And still to ev'ry call reply,
 Ground ivy, &c.

MOULINES.—MARIA.

'TWAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
 Under a poplar tree,
 Maria chose her wretched seat,
 To mourn her sorrows free.
 Her lovely form was sweet to view,
 As dawn at op'ning day,
 But, ah! she mourn'd her love not true,
 And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
 In murmurs smooth along;
 Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
 Had now forgot its song.
 No more to charm the vale she tries,
 For grief has fill'd her breast,
 Those joys which once she us'd to prize,
 But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid, who can behold
 Thy sorrows so severe;
 And hear thy love-lorn story told
 Without a falling tear.
 Maria, luckless maid, adieu,
 Thy sorrows soon must cease,
 For heav'n will take a maid so true
 To everlasting peace.

SMALLLOU, &c.

THERE was an Irish lad,
 Who lov'd a cloister'd Nun,
 And it made him very sad,
 For what was to be done.

He thought it was a big shame,
 A most confounded sin,
 That she could not get out at all,
 And he could not get in:

Yet he went ev'ry day, he cou'd do nothing more,
 Yet he went ev'ry day unto the Convent door,
 And he sung sweetly, Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou;
 And he sung sweetly, Smalilou, gramochree, &c.

To catch a glimpse of her,
 He play'd a thousand tricks,
 The bolts he tried to stir,
 And he gave the wall some kicks;
 He stamp'd, and rav'd, and sigh'd, and pray'd
 And many times he swore,
 The devil burn the iron-bolts,
 The devil take the door:
 Yet he went ev'ry day, he made it a rule,
 Yet he went ev'ry day, and look'd like a fool.
 Though he sung sweetly, Smalilou, &c.

One morn' she left her bed,
 Because she could not sleep,
 And to the window sped,
 To take a little peep;

And what did she do then,
 I am sure you'll think it right,
 She bade the honest lad good day,
 She bade the Nuns good night:
 Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
 'Then jump'd into his arms, and so they ran away,
 And they sung sweetly Smalilou, &c.

THE STREAMLET THAT FLOW'D.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,
 All the charms, all the charms of my Emily knew:
 How oft has its course been forgot,
 While it paus'd, while it paus'd her dear image to woo.

Believe me, the fond silver tide,
 Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize:
 For silently, swelling with pride,
 It reflected her back to the skies.



A POST UNDER GOVERNMENT.

HERE's Phelim O'Connaught from Dublin com'd over,
 To snug lirtle England his fortune to try,
 And of honestly thriving the art to discover,
 For some folks have Luck, and why shouldn't I?
 For I had a father, as well as my betters,
 Who taught me to write and to rade and to spell,
 So determin'd to be a complete man of letters,
 I turn'd *penny postman* and live by my bell;
 With my ring a ding dooraling whack botheration,
 I bring 'em all down wid the found of my bell.

And as no honest man wears the coat of a rogue, Sir,
 By my conscience of mine, they can say no such thing;
 If they did, they would find it too much on the brogue, Sir,
 Because, do ye see, mine belongs to the king:
 So I lade a snug life as a man can desire,
 My conscience is clear, I'm in nobody's debt;
 Then I wear a cockade, and pray who can look higher,
 And as for my fortune it's only to get.
 Wid my ring a ding, &c.

And when palliluh! it wou'd make any Jew sick,
 To hear your Italians squeak, quaver and growl;
 When they know there's no odds 'twixt my bell & their music,
 Than between a Dutch jig and an Irish howl:
 From my Lord to my Lady, when parted asunder,
 If I bring a letter, it's true on my life;
 Says my Lord, that damn'd bell is as loud as the thunder,
 And puts me in mind of the tongue of my wife.
 Wid my ring a ding, &c.

THE CHERRY GIRL.

SWEET cowslips I cry, and ground ivy I fell,
 And round about London am known mighty well;
 But when my sweet cowslips no longer abound,
 I cry my sweet cherries a penny a pound.

My green nonpareils through the winter I cry,
 With fine golden pippins for those that will buy;
 But when the warm season of summer comes round,
 I cry my sweet cherries a penny a pound.

I rise with the lark and to market repair,
 And the choicest of fruit in my barrow I bear:
 With full honest weight, and they're all round and sound,
 I cry my sweet cherries a penny a pound.

THE LITTLE FARTHING RUSH-LIGHT.

SIR Solomon Simons when he did wed,
 Blush'd black as a crow, his fair lady did blush light,
 The clock struck twelve, they were both tuck'd in bed,
 In the chimney a rush-light,
 A little farthing rush-light,
 Fal la! la! la,
 A little farthing rush-light,

Sir Solomon gave to his lady a nudge,
 Cries he, Lady Simons, there's vastly too much light;
 Then, Sir Solomon, says she, to get up you can't grudge
 And blow out the rush-light,
 A little farthing rush-light,
 Fal lal lal la,
 A little farthing rush-light.

Sir Solomon then out of bed pops his toes,
 And vastly he swore, and very much did curse light,
 And then to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,
 And he puff'd at the rush-light,
 The little farthing rush-light,
 Fal lal lal la
 The little farthing rush-light.

Lady Simons got out in her night cap so neat,
 And over the carpet my lady did brush light,
 And there Sir Solomon she found in a heat,
 Puffing at the rush light:
 Then she puff'd at the rush-light,
 But neither of them both
 Cou'd blow out the rush-light.

Sir Solomon and Lady, their breath quite gone,
 Rang the bells in a rage, determin'd to crush light,
 Half a-sleep in his shirt then up came John,
 And he puff'd at the rush-light;
 The little farthing rush-light;
 But neither of the three
 Cou'd blow out the rush-light.

Cook, coachee, men and maids, very near all in buff,
 Came and swore, in their lives they never met with such
 light,
 And each of the family, by turns, had a puff
 At the little farthing rush-light;
 The curst farthing rush-light,
 But none of the family †,
 Cou'd blow out the rush-light.

The watchman, at last, went by crying—one,
 Here watchman's come up, than you we might on worse
 light—
 Then up came the watchman—the bus'ness was done—
 For he turn'd down the rush-light;
 The little farthing rush-light,
 Fal lal lal lal la,
 So he put out the rush-light.

† *The above family were all wry-mouth'd.*

ARRISTIPPUS' RULES.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul,
 Who, Aristippus like, can his passions controul:
 Of wisest philosophers wisest was he,
 Who attentive to ease, let his mind still be free:
 The prince, peer, or peasant to him were the same,
 For pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he came,
 But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,—
 And the peace of mankind was his ultimate end;
 He found fault with none, if none found fault with him,
 If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim;
 If wine was the word, why he bumper'd his glass,—
 If love was the topic, he toasted his lass;
 But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life,

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,
 He found fault with neither; for this was his creed,
 That let them be guided by folly or sense,
 'Twould be *semper eadem* an hundred years hence.
 He thought 'twas unsocial to be mal-content,
 If the tide went with him, with the tide too he went;
 But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war, he wish'd well to the sword;
 If a peace was concluded, a peace was his word,
 Disquiet to him, or of body and mind,
 Was the longitude only he never could find:
 The philosopher's stone was but gravel and pain,
 And all who had sought it, had sought it in vain;
 He still turn'd his back on contention and strife
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow Aristippus' rules.
 And deem his opponents both asses and mules;
 Let those not contented to lead or to drive,
 By the bees of their sect be drove out the hive;

Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease,
 May they never find out the blest art how to please;
 While our friends and ourselves, not forgetting our wives,
 By those maxims may live all the days of our lives.

WHEN IN WAR ON THE OCEAN.

WHEN in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
 Though with ardour for conquest our bosoms may glow,
 Let us see on their vessels Old England's flag wave,
 They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

And now their pale ensigns we view from afar,
 With three cheers they are welcom'd by each British tar;
 Whilst the genius of Britain still bids us advance,
 And our guns hurl in thunder defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside! she sinks, down she goes,
 Quickly mann all our boats, they no longer are foes,
 To snatch a brave fellow from a wat'ry grave,
 Is worthy a Briton who conquers to save.



YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

YOU gentlemen of England,
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas.
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show,
 All the cares and the fears
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy winds, &c.

If enemies oppose us
 When England is at war,
 With any foreign nation
 We fear not wound nor scar,
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel on their keel,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy winds, &c.

Then courage all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd,
 Whilst we have bold adventurers,
 We ne'er shall want a trade.

Our merchants will employ us,
 To fetch them gold we know,
 Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy winds, &c.

Then here's a health to NELSON,
 And to his gallant tars,
 Long may these British heroes bold,
 Despise both wounds and scars,
 Make France, and Spain, and Holland,
 And all their foes to know,
 Britain reigns o'er the main,
 While the stormy winds do blow!
 While the stormy winds, &c.

THREE YEARS A SAILOR'S LIFE I LED.

THREE years a sailor's life I led,
 And plough'd the roaring sea;
 For why her foes should England dread,
 Whilst all her sons are free.
 From France and Spain to earn my bread
 I thought it far dy'e fee,
 And if a shot had ta'en my head,
 Why there's an end of me.

A medicine sure for grief and care,
 I steer'd my course to find,
 Thenceforth an easy sail to bear,
 And run before the wind.
 Their conj'ring skill let doctors boast;
 And nostrums of their shop,
 Where'er we search from coast to coast
 There's none like the golden drop.

For gold we sail the world around,
 And dare the tempests rage;
 For when the sparklers once are found,
 They ev'ry ill assuage.
 'Twixt Jew and Christian, not a fig
 Of diff'rence here we find,
 The Jew no loathing has to pig,
 If 'tis of the guinea kind.



THE DUTCH FISH-MONGER.

OF all what strive to live and thrive,
 And by cunning to over-reach man;
 Whether trade ben dead or trade ben alive,
 De best trade of all is Dieftman.
 World he fish vat he can get,
 But all ben fish in the Dieftman's net,
 Ik ben liderlick, du bist liderlick, a lay te.

Mynheer can drink for dronk, by chance,
 Mynheer, by chance, can caper;
 But ik never let mine vrow go dance,
 Till somebody pay de piper:
 And if myn croopen holt his hond,
 I croak mine pipe, and I nie for stond.
 Ik ben liderlick, &c.

We trade mit de Yonky, and deal mit de Scot,
 And cheaten de taen and de to'ther;
 We cheaten the Jew, the better as dat,
 We cheaten one either 'nother:
 And at Amsterdam, when we come dere,
 We shall cheaten the devil, and that's all fair.
 Ik ben liderlick, &c.

De strange mans comes for de fish dat's nice,
 And looks as sharp as donder;
 Ik praise mine goods, and I tak mine price,
 And sell him stinking flounder:
 Den he cry tief man, ik say yaw!
 Mit mine hond to mine gelt, com' ca'.
 Ik ben liderlick, &c.



KATE OF DOVER.

NED Flint was lov'd by all the ship,
 Was tender hearted, bold, and true,
 He'd work his way, or drink his flip,
 With e'er a seaman in the crew;
 Ned had fac'd his country's foe,
 And twice had fail'd the world all over,
 Had seen his messmates oft laid low,
 Yet would he figh for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn', when on the shore,
 Ned flew to take of Kate his leave,
 Says he, my love your grief give o'er,
 For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive.
 Let Fortune smile, or let her frown,
 To you I ne'er will prove a rover,
 All cares in generous flip I'll drown,
 And still be true to Kate of Dover.

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
 To brave all dangers on the main,
 When lo! a sail appear'd in view,
 And Ned with many a tar was slain.
 Thus death, who lays each sorrow low,
 Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover,
 The tars oft tell the tale of woe,
 And heave a figh for Kate of Dover.

All pensive now she mourns the day,
 And tears bedew her cheeks at night;
 Sad pale and wan she pines away,
 For Ned was all her souls delight!
 Deep anguish broke her bleeding heart,
 Still constant to her faithful lover,
 She faintly cry'd, we shall not part,
 Then dy'd! sweet Kate! the pride of Dover!



ROTHSAY AND CAITHNESS FENCIBLES.

AND are ye sure the news is true,
 Again the tale relate,
 That Sinclair is to raise a corps,
 To fight for king and state.
 O! many thousand gallant youths,
 Have left the Caithness shore,
 But never did a regiment march,
 Across the Ord * before.

CHORUS.

Then let us fill a bumper full,
 To Rothsay's noble Duke,
 Who under his protection has,
 The Lads of Caithness took.

* A lofty promontory, at the bottom of which is the boundary of Caithness and Sutherland.

Let Jonny Groats * rejoice at this,
 And all the men of Mey †,
 The Pentland Firth ‡ should dance with glee
 On such a merry day.
 The Ord should bend its stubborn head,
 And lofty Morven § smile,
 When first it sees the Caithness band
 Array'd to guard our isle.
 Then let us fill a bumper full, &c.

Let others brag of phelibegs,
 Of kilt and belted plaid:
 Whilst we the ancient trews shall wear,
 In which our fathers bled!
 Like them we'll fight with truth and zeal,
 As well as wear their drefs;
 And guard our native isle from those
 Who would her sons oppress.
 Then let us fill a bumper full, &c.

* Celebrated for having been the most northerly habitation in Scotland.

† A number of rocks near Burrogil Castle, the seat of the Earl of Caithness, are commonly known by the name of the Men of Mey.

‡ The Pentland Firth is the strait that divides Caithness from Orkney.

§ The highest mountain in Caithness.

In former times our Scottish youths,
 The force of arms repell'd;
 Whose conqu'ring monarchs in those days,
 The crowns of Europe held.
 Shall then the sons of France pretend
 With Scotland's sons to vie?
 If they suppose they're better men
 E'en let them come and try!
 Then let us fill a bumper full, &c.

If Britain's sons are firm and true,
 And by each other stand,
 No foreign foe will venture then
 To stain our native land,
 Or, if they should assail our coasts,
 Impell'd by want and need,
 When Rothsay's banners are display'd,
 They'll fly from thence with speed.
 Then let us fill a bumper full, &c.

The king, our noble father is,
 The queen, our mother dear;
 The princes, brother soldiers are,
 Whom we shall all revere.
 We'll them defend with might and main,
 Against all sorts of foes;
 Should they come arm'd to fight like men,
 Or aim their trait'rous blows.
 Then let us fill a bumper full, &c.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

O weel may the boatie row,
 And better may she speed;
 And liefome may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairns' bread;
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And weel may the boatie row,
 That wins my bairns' bread.

O weel may the boatie row,
 That fills a heavy creel,
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
 And buys our pottage meal;
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed,
 And happy be the lot of a',
 That with the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wou'd be mine;
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O muckle lighter grew my creel,
 He swore we'd never part;
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And muckle lighter is the load
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
 And dres'd mysel' fu' braw,
 I trow my heart was douf an' wae,
 When Jamie gaed awa';
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part;
 And lightsome be the lassie's care,
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, an' Janetie,
 Are up and gotten lear;
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And lightsome be her heart that bears,
 The Murlain, and the creel,

And when wi' age we're worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
 As we did them before;
 Then weel may the boatie row,
 She wins the bairns' bread;
 And happy be the lot o' a',
 That wish the boatie speed.

THE NEAT LITTLE COTTAGE.

MY mam is no more, and my dad's in his grave,
 Little orphans are sister and I, sadly poor,
 Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,
 But yon neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does to labour invite,
 Contented we just keep the wolf from the door,
 And Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight,
 To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,
 Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore,
 And heart-ease and health, make a palace appear,
 Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.



OF 'A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

BURNS.

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dearly like the west;
 For there the bonny lassie lives, the lass that I lo'e best;
 Tho' wild woods grow, an' rivers row, wi' mony a hill
 between,
 Baith day an' night my fancy's flight is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers, sae lovely, sweet an' fair,
I hear her voice in ilka bird, wi' music charm the air,
There's not a bonny flower that springs, by fountain, shaw,
or green,
Nor yet a bonny bird that sings, but minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing Glyde the lasses buik them braw,
But when their best they ha'e put on, my Jenny dings
them a';

In hamely weeds she far exceeds the fairest of the town,
Baith sage an' gay confess it sae, tho' dress'd in rustic gown.

The gamefome lamb, that sucks the dam, mair harmlefs
canna be,

She has nae fau't (if sic we ca't) except her love for me,
The sparkling dew, of clearest hew, is like her shining een,
In shape an' air wha can compare, wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw ye westlin' win's blaw fast, amang the leafy trees,
Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale bring hame the laden
bees:

An' bring the laffie back to me that's ay fae neat an' clean,
Ae' blink o' her wad banish care, fae charming is my Jean.

What fighs an' vows among the knowes, ha'e past atween
us twa,

How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day she gade awa,
The pow'r's aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me as my sweet lovely Jean.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud,
 The moon in her beauty appears;
 The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud,
 The music of love in our ears:
 Maria appear! now the season so sweet,
 While the beat of the heart is in tune,
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet,
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel;
 I sigh—can a lover do more;
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
 Maria, my love, do you long for the grove,
 Do you sigh for an interview soon;
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,
 Alone by the light of the moon.

Your name from the shepherds, whenever I hear,
 My bosom is all in a glow;
 Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.

Ye Powers of the sky, will your bounty divine,
 Indulge a fond lover his boon;
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
 Alone by the light of the moon.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
 Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang,
 I speer'd at nei'bour Bauldy Strang,
 What are they these we see!
 Quoth he, "ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel,
 "Thinks himsell cupping as the deil,
 "And here they cam', awa to steal;
 Jenny's Bawbee."

The first, a captain to his trade,
 Wi' ill-lin'd scull, and back weel clad,
 March'd round the barn and by the shed,
 And papped on his knee;
 Quoth he, "My goddeffs, nymph, and queen,
 "Your beauty's dazl'd baith my een,"
 But deil a beauty he had seen;
 But Jenny's Bawbee.

A Norlan' laird neist trotted up,
 Wi' bassen'd nag, and filler whup,
 Cry'd, "here's my beast, lad had the grup,

"Or tie him to a tree;
 "What's gow'd to me, I've wealth o' lan',
 "Bestow on ane o'worth your han',"
 He thought to pay what he was awn;
 Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

A Lawyer neist wi' blatherin' gab,
 Wi' speeches wove like ony web;
 In ilk anes corn he took a dab,

And a' for a fee;
 Accounts he owed thro' a' the town,
 And tradefimens tongues nae mair cou'd drown;
 But now he thought to clout his gown,
 Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washing tubs,
 A fool came neist, but life has rubs,
 Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,

And fair besmear'd was he;
 He danc'd up squinting thro' a glafs,
 And grinn'd, "I, faith a bonny lass,"
 He thought to win wi' front o' brafs,
 Jenny's Bawbee.

She baw'd the Laird gae kaim his wig,

The Soldier not to strut sae big,

The Lawyer not to be a prig,

The fool he cry'd "tee-hee,"

"I kend that I could never fail,"

But, she prinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,

And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,

And kept her Bawbee.

Then Johnny cam', a lad o' sense,

Altho' he had na mony pence,

He took young Jenny to the spence,

Wi' her to crack a wee;

Now, Johnny was a clever chiel,

And here his suit he prefs'd sae weel,

That Jenny's heart grew fast as jeel,

And she birl'd her Bawbee.

FAIR ROSALE.

ON that lone bank where Lubin dy'd,

Fair Rosale, a wretched maid,

Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,

Faithful to her Lubin's shade.

O may some kindsome gentle wave
 Waft him to this mournful shore,
 These tender hands should make his grave,
 And deck his corpse with flowers o'er.

I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
 And pray for his eternal rest,
 When time his form has worn away,
 His dust I'd place within my breast.

While thus she mourn'd her Lubin lost,
 And echo to her grief repli'd,
 Lo! at her feet, his corpse was tost,
 She shriek'd! she clasp'd him! sigh'd and dy'd.

ew

GAFFER GRAY.

HO! why dost thou shiver and shake,
 Gaffer Gray;
 And why dost thy nose look so blue!
 " 'Tis the weather that's cold,
 " 'Tis I'm grown very old,
 " And my doublet is not very new,
 " Well-a-day!"

Then, line thy worn doublet with ale,

Gaffer Gray;

And warm thy old heart with a glass.

“Nay, but credit I’ve none,

“And my money’s all gone,

“Then say how may that come to pass,

“Well-a-day!”

Hie away to the house on the brow,

Gaffer Gray;

And knock at the jolly Priest’s door.

“The Priest often preaches

“Against worldly riches;

“But ne’er gives a mite to the poor,

“Well-a-day!”

The Lawyer lives under the hill,

Gaffer Gray;

Warmly fenc’d both in back and in front.

“He will fasten his locks,

“And will threaten the flocks,

“Should he ever more find me in want,

“Well-a-day!”

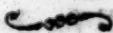
The Squire has fat beeves and brown ale,

Gaffer Gray;

And the season will welcome you there,

" The fat beeves and his beer;
 " And his merry new-year,
 " Are all for the flush and the fair,
 " Well-a-day!"

My keg is but low I confels,
 Gaffer Gray;
 What then, while it lasts, man, we'll live;
 The poor man alone;
 When he hears the poor moan,
 Of his morfel, a morfel will give,
 Well-a-day!



SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley;
 There's ne'er a lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally,
 For she's the darling of my heart,
 And lives into our Alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
 For those who want to buy 'em,
 Her mother she makes laces long,
 And thro' the streets does cry 'em;
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget,
 Such a charming girl as Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely,
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely:
 But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally,
 For she's the darling of my soul,
 And she lives in our Alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes between
 A Saturday and Monday;
 For then I'm drest all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally,
 For she's the darling of my soul,
 And she lives in our Alley.

My master carries me to church,
 Where often I am blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named,
 I leave the church in sermon time,
 And sink away to Sally,
 For she's the darling of my soul,
 And she lives in our Alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 Oh! then I shall have money;
 I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
 I'll give it to my honey.
 And wou'd it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 Wer't not for her I'd better been
 A slave, and row a galley:
 But when my seven long years are out,
 Oh! then I'll marry Sally;
 Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not into our Alley.

JESS MACPHARLANE.

WHEN first she came to town,
 They call'd her Jess Macpharlane,
 But now she's come, and gone,
 They call her the wand'ring darlings;
 Oh! this love, this love!
 Of this love I'm weary,
 Sleep I can get none,
 For thinking on my deary.

Her father loves her well,
 Her mither loves her better;
 And I like the girl myself,
 But alas! I canna get her.
 Oh! this love, &c.

I took it in my head,
 To write my love a letter;
 But alas! She canna read,
 And I like her a' the better.
 Oh! this love, &c.

Then since I canna rest,
 For thinking of my darling;
 I'll wander too in quest,
 Of lovely Jess Macpharlane.
 Oh! this love, &c.

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

AH! tell me, ye swains, have ye seen my Pastora,
 O say, have you met the sweet nymph in your way,
 Transcendant as Venus, and blithe as Aurora,
 From Neptun's bed rising, to hail the new day;
 Forlorn do I wander, and long time have sought her,
 The fairest, the rarest, for ever my theme;
 A goddess in form, tho' a cottager's daughter,
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

Tho' lordlings so gay, and young squires have sought her,
 To link her fair hand in the conjugal chain;
 Devoid of ambition, the cottager's daughter
 Convinc'd them, their flattery and offers were vain.
 When first I beheld her, I fondly befought her,
 My heart did her homage, and love was her theme;
 She vow'd to be mine, the sweet cottager's daughter,
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

Then, why, thus alone does she leave me to languish,
 Pastora to splendor cou'd ne'er yield her hand;
 Ah! no she returns to remove my fond anguish,
 O'er her heart love and truth retain the command;
 The wealth of Golconda could never have bought her,
 For love, truth and constancy still is her theme,
 Then give me kind Hymen, the cottager's daughter,
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er;
 O whither, she cry'd! hast thou wander'd my true love,
 Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore.
 What voice have I heard! 'twas my Henry that sigh'd,
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
 When bleeding and low, on the heath she descri'd,
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
 And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war;
 How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight,
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war:
 "Hast thou come my fond love this last sorrowful night,
 "To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar."

"Thou shalt live! (she reply'd,) heaven's mercy relieving,
 "Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn,"
 "Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
 "No light of the morn shall to Henry return:
 "Thou charmer of life ever tender and true,
 "Ye babes of my love that await me afar."
 His fault'ring tongue scarcely could murmur, adieu!
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded Hussar.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

BY the side of a mountain, o'ershadow'd with trees,
 With thick clusters of vine, intermingl'd and wove,
 I behold my thatch'd cottage, dear mansion of ease,
 The seat of contentment, of friendship and love.
 Each morn, when I open the latch of my door,
 My heart throbs with rapture, to hear the birds sing,
 And at night when the dance of the village is o'er,
 On my pillow I strew the fresh roses of spring.

When I hide in the forest from noon's scorching ray,
 While the torrent's deep murmur, re-echoing sound,
 When the herds quit their pasture to quaff the clear stream,
 And the flocks in the vale lie extended around.
 I muse, but my thoughts are contented and free,
 I regret not the splendor of riches and pride,
 The delights of retirement are dearer to me,
 Than the proudest appendage to greatness allied.

I sing, and my song is the carol of joy,
 My cheek glows with health, like the wild rose in bloom,
 I dance, yet forget not tho' blithsome and gay,
 That I measure the footsteps that lead to the tomb.
 Contented to live, yet not fearful to die,
 With a conscience unspotted I pass thro' life's scene,
 On the wings of delight ev'ry moment shall fly,
 And the end of my days be resign'd and serene.

OH THE MOMENT WAS SAD.

OH! the moment was sad when my love and I parted,
 Savourna deligh shighna oh!
 As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted,
 Savourna deligh shighan oh.
 Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder,
 Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
 I felt that I never again should behold her;
 Savourna deligh shighna oh!

When the word of command put our men into motion,
 Savourna, &c.
 I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
 Savourna, &c.
 Brisk were our troops all roaring like thunder,
 Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder;
 My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,
 Savourna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,
 Savourna, &c.
 All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love,
 Savourna, &c.
 Peace was proclaim'd, escap'd from the slaughter,
 Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her;
 But sorrow alas! to her cold grave had brought her.
 Savourna, &c.

POOR TOM.

HERE a Sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew,
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him too.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft,
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many, and true hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair:
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah! many's the time and oft;
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When HE, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doffed,
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

HONEST BOB OF THE MILL.

MY heart is as honest, and brave as the best,
 My body's as sound as a roach:
 Though in gay fangl'd garments I never was drest,
 Nor stuck up my nob in a coach.

If Fortune refuses to flow with my stream,
 My sacks with her riches to fill,
 Why surely, 'tis Fortune alone that's to blame,
 And not honest Bob of the mill.

My breast is as artless, and blithe as my lay,
 From my cottage content never flies;
 She is sure to reward the fatigue of the day,
 And I know how to value the prize.

Would the girl I love, then, but give me her hand,
 The world it may wag as it will;
 I defy the first 'squire, or lord of the land,
 To dishonour plain Bob of the mill



THE TOKEN.

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
 Each breaker hush'd the shore a haze,
 When Jack no more on duty call'd,
 His true-love's tokens overhaul'd.
 The broken gold, the braided hair,
 The tender motto writ so fair,
 Upon his 'bacco box he views,
 Nancy the poet, love the muse;
 "If you loves I, as I loves you,
 "No pair so happy as we two."

The storm, that like a shapeless wreck,
 Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,
 That tars for sharks had given a feast,
 And left the ship a hulk—had ceas'd:
 When Jack, as with his mess-mates dear,
 He shar'd the grog their hearts to cheer,
 Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
 And spell'd for comfort on the lid,
 "If you loves I, as I loves you,
 "No pair so happy as we too."

The battle, that with horror grim,
 Had madly ravag'd life and limb,
 Had scuppers drench'd with human gore,
 And widow'd many a wife—was o'er.

When Jack to his companions dear,
 First paid the tribute of a tear,
 Then as his 'bacco-box he held,
 Restor'd his comfort as he spell'd—

“ If you loves I, as I loves you,

“ No pair so happy as we too.”

The voyage that had been long and hard,
 But that had yielded full reward,
 That brought each sailor to his friend,
 Happy and rich—was at an end:
 When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
 Beheld his Nancy on the shore,
 He then the 'bacco box display'd,
 And cry'd and seiz'd the yielding maid,

“ If you loves I, as I loves you,

“ No pair so happy as we two.”

~
 A SOLEMN DIRGE,

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS, THE SCOTS BARD.

WHAT! is there ill-news you're so fad,
 Robin Gray,
 That thy blue bonnet's pull'd o'er thy brow?
 O! fad news! fad! fad!
 Poor Robin is dead,
 And the plowman weeps over his plow,
 Well a well a day.
 And the plowman weeps over his plow.

Is his pipe mute for ay, and for ay,
 Robin Gray,
 No more shall we tend to his song?
 Aye cold as a clod
 Beneath the green sod,
 Poor Robin they've lain all along,
 Well a well a day,
 Poor Robin they've lain all along.

Adieu then the forest and hill,
 Robin Gray,
 And farewell the valleys and grove!
 Why the forest and hill
 And the valleys ring still,
 Still echo his ditties of love,
 Well a well a day,
 Still echo his ditties of love.

The sad sound of echo I'll shun,
 Robin Gray,
 Its dying notes live on my mind;
 Can you then as you roam,
 From your forefathers home;
 Leave your country's feeling behind,
 Well a well a day,
 Leave your country's feeling behind.

Still the blackbird will sing on the thorn,
 Robin Gray,
 And the lark early carol on high,
 But the lowly lodg'd swain,
 As he scatters his grain,
 Will chaunt Robin's verse with a sigh,
 Well a well a day,
 Will chant Robin's verse with a sigh.

Soft lie on his bosom the turf,
 Robin Gray,
 Rest his ashes unmingled and pure!
 May the tomb of his urn
 Caledonia adorn,
 And his much-lov'd remains aye secure!
 Well a well a day!
 And his much-lov'd remains aye secure.



POOR OLD ENGLAND.

HAVE you heard of the tax that such strange consternation
 Has spread through old England that poor helpless nation,
 'Tis hair powder, oh downfall of guineas's beaus,
 Who unlicensed will all look like so many crows.
 Hark the friseurs exclaim as distracted they roam
 'Mongst the knights of the curling irons, chaos is come.
 Sing and cry, cry and sing, mingle mis'ry and fun,
 England's never so happy as when she's undone.

The hunks, who can boast but a single colt's tooth,
 Who, weigh'd down with age, apes the fopperies of youth;
 Says to some dulcinea, my hairs are all grey
 So I can't be taxed, cries the syren, "nay, nay,
 "Not all grey—they're half black"—Ah you dear coaxing
 ninny!
 Well I'll purchase a license and pay half-a-guinea.
 Sing and cry, &c.

Then the knights of the rainbow—"I say my lord duke,
 'On hair powder a tax—take the news there and look,
 'I forgot you can't read"—the ridiculous fufs,
 Why, what are such trifles as guineas to us?
 Nunky pays for we footmen, I'll sport a spruce nob,
 And old Quibus comes down for't, or dam'me, I'll blab.
 Sing and cry, &c.

But the drollest expedient was that of a fop,
 A man-milliner, where there were four in a shop,
 I've hit upon't, dam'me! as lawyers a coach call,
 And drive for a shilling to Westminster-hall;

Five and three-pence a-piece lads advance; hand it out,
We'll purchase a license and lend it about.

Sing and cry, &c.

Then the tea table fee; I declare then I'm vexed,
Cries out old lady Pyeball, "Our teeth they'll tax next,
"I should trick e'm at that tho' I have but one tooth,"
" 'Tis quite right," cried a beauty all sweetness and truth,
"Take the tax, take each feather that plays on my head,
"I shall dress the more plain—but the poor will get bread."
Sing and cry, &c.

Then my countrymen, emulate this charming fair,
Deck the heart, nor regret how neglected the hair,
While frizeurs, and footmen, and fops, cry peccavi,
We shall all dress more decent and they'll man the navy:
Let our rulers go on then of honour secure,
Each tax upon luxury's bread for the poor.
Then hold all this croaking, and grumbling as fun,
By such nonsense old England can ne'er be undone.



THEN SAY, MY SWEET GIRL, CAN YOU LOVE ME.

DEAR Nancy, I've sail'd the world all around,
 And seven long years been a rover,
 To make for my charmer each shilling a pound,
 But now my hard perils are over.
 I've sav'd, from my toils, many hundreds in gold,
 The comforts of life to beget;
 Have borne in each climate the heat and the cold,
 And all for my pretty brunette.
 Then say, my sweet girl can you love me?

Tho' others may boast of more riches than mine,
 And rate my attractions e'en fewer;
 At their jeers and ill-nature I'll scorn to repine,
 Can they boast of a heart that is truer?
 Or, will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
 Brave the seasons both stormy and wet?
 If not, why I'll do it again and again,
 And all for my pretty brunette.
 Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar, in pursuit of the foe,
 I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
 Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,
 And ah! never more see my Nancy:
 But hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,
 And bade me such nonsense forget:
 I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
 And all for my pretty brunette,
 Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

OH, think on my fate! once I freedom enjoy'd,
 Was as happy as happy could be,
 But pleasure is fled! even hope is destroy'd,
 A captive alas! on the sea.
 I was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate,
 To tear me from her I adorè,
 When thought brings to my mind my once happy estate,
 I sigh! while I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate! Oh how galling my chain,
 My life's steer'd by misery's chart,
 And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
 Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
 I disdain e'en to shrink, tho' I feel sharp the lash;
 Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore,
 While around me the unfeeling billows will dash.
 I sigh! and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives, I had pleasure in tow,
 The port where she dwelt we'd in view,
 But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'er-clouded with woe,
 And dear Anna! I hurried from you.
 Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
 To behold my dear Anna, no more,
 But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay,—
 He sigh'd and expir'd at the oar.

WHEN THE FANCY STIRRING BOWL.

WHEN the fancy stirring bowl,
 Wakes its world of pleasure,
 Glowing visions gild my soul,
 And life's an endless treasure.
 Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
 Fresh with gay desires;
 Rays divine my senses dart,
 And kindling hope inspires.
 Then who'd be grave,
 When wine can save
 The heaviest soul from sinking;
 And magic grapes
 Give angel's shapes
 To ev'ry girl we're drinking!

Here sweet benignity and love,
 Shed their influence round me,
 Gather'd ills of life remove,
 And leave me as they found me.
 Tho' my head may swim, yet true
 Still to nature's feeling,
 Peace and beauty swim there too,
 And rock me as I'm reeling.
 Then who'd be grave, &c

On youth's soft pillow tender truth,
 Her pensive lesson taught me;
 Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
 And wisdom wak'd and caught me;
 A bargain then with love I knock'd,
 To hold the pleasing gipsy,
 When wise to keep my bosom lock'd,
 But turn the key when tipsy.
 Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time assuag'd my heated heart,
 The grey beard, blind and simple,
 Forgot to cool one little part,
 Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple.
 That part's enough of beauty's type
 To warm an honest fellow;
 And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
 It melts me still when mellow.
 Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voyage, we all declare,
 With scarce a port to hide in:
 It may be so with pride or care,
 That's not the sea I ride in.

Here floats my soul in fancy's eye,
 Her realms of bliss discover,
 Bright worlds, that fair in prospect lie,
 To him that's half seas over.
 Then who'd be grave, &c.

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NOW WESTLIN WINDS.

NOW westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns,  
 Brings autumn's pleasant weather;  
 The gorcock springs on whirring wings,  
 Among the blooming heather:  
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
 Delights the weary farmer,  
 The moon shines bright, as I rove by night,  
 To muse upon my charmer.

The pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells;  
 The plover lo'es the mountains;  
 The woodcock haunts the lanely dells;  
 The soaring hern the fountains:  
 Thro' lofty groves the cushet roves,  
 The path o' man to shun it;  
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,  
 The savage and the tender;  
 Some, social join, and leagues combine,  
 Some solitary wander:  
 Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,  
 Tyrannic man's dominion;  
 The sportman's joy, the murd'ring cry,  
 The flutt'ring gory pinion.

But Peggy, dear, the evening's clear,  
 Thick flies the skimming swallow,  
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
 All fading green and yellow:  
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,  
 And view the charms o' nature,  
 The rustling corn, the froited thorn,  
 And ilka happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
 While the silent moon shines clearly;  
 I'll clasp thy waist, and fondly prest,  
 Swear how I lo'e thee dearly!  
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,  
 Not autumn to the farmer,  
 So dear can be, as thou to me,  
 My fair my lovely charmer.

## THE FORECASTLE SAILOR.

THE wind blew a blast from the northward,  
 When we steer'd from the Cape of Good Hope;  
 The sky look'd quite pitchy and wayward,  
 And the sea o'er our weather-bow broke.  
 The boatswain pip'd all hands to bale her,  
 And I came down the back-stay so glib;  
 For I am a forecastle sailer,  
 You may see by the cut of my jib.

Start my timbers, cried Ned Junk, of Dover,  
 Plump to me as I landed on deck,  
 With us it will soon be all over,  
 For the Guardian must quick go to wreck.—  
 Well, well, we shan't live to bewail her,  
 Cried I, and I patted his rib;  
 Come—work like a forecastle sailer,  
 If I don't, the gale shiver my jib.

We were running at nine knots an hour,  
 When 'bout two leagues to leeward we spy'd  
 An island of ice like a tower,  
 And on it our ship quickly hy'd.  
 But now 'twas no use for to bale her,  
 The water gain'd on her so glib;  
 So each, like a true-hearted sailer,  
 Waited fate for to shiver his jib.



Some took to the boat, do you mind me,  
 While some on the vessel's deck stood,  
 Cry'd I, may old Davy Jones take me  
 If I fail from my captain so good.  
 Now Providence help'd us to bale her,  
 And we manag'd to patch up her rib;  
 Safe arriv'd is each true hearted sailer,  
 To rig up his weather-beat jib.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

WILT thou be my dearie,  
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,  
 O wilt thou let me cheer thee,  
 By the treasure of my soul,  
 And that's the love I bear thee,  
 I swear and vow, that only thou,  
 Shall ever be my dearie,

Laffie say thou lo'es me;  
 And if thou winna be my ain,  
 O say na thou'll refuse me;  
 If it maunna, canna be:  
 That thou for thine may chuse me!  
 Then let me, Jeanie, quickly die?  
 Ay trusting that thou lo'es me.

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Flower of beauties hear me,  
 And dinna treat me wi' disdain;  
 A' ither ills I fear na',  
 Gin thou wad only smile on him:  
 Cou'd part wi' life to please thee,  
 Of joys on earth I'd ask nae mair,  
 If thou wilt be my dearie.



### THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'Twas past meridian, half past four,  
 By signal I from Nancy parted,  
 At six she linger'd on the shore,  
 With uplift hands and broken hearted.  
 At seven, while tight'ning the forestay,  
 I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy,  
 At eight we all got under weigh,  
 And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,  
 While careless sailors ever cheery,  
 On the mid watch so jovial sung,  
 With tempers labour cannot weary.

I little to their mirth inclin'd,  
 While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,  
 And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,  
 Look'd on the moon, and thought on Nancy.

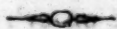
And now arriv'd that jovial night,  
 When ev'ry true-bred tar carouses,  
 When o'er the grog all hands delight,  
 To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.  
 Round went the cann, the jest, the glee,  
 While tender wishes fill'd each fancy,  
 And when in turn it came to me,  
 I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn' a storm came on at four;  
 At six the elements in motion,  
 Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,  
 Headlong within the foaming ocean.  
 Poor wretches! they soon found their graves,  
 For me, it may be only fancy,  
 But love seem'd to forbid the waves,  
 To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd;  
 Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,  
 When a bold enemy appear'd,  
 And dauntless, we prepar'd for battle.

And now while some lov'd friend or wife,  
 Like light'ning, rush'd on ev'ry fancy,  
 To Providence I trusted life,  
 Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last 'twas on the month of May,  
 The crew, it being lovely weather,  
 At three A. M. discover'd day,  
 And England's chalky cliffs together.  
 At seven up channel hew we bore,  
 While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,  
 At twelve, I gaily jump'd ashore,  
 And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.



MY MARY, DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
 That lov'dst to greet the early morn',  
 Again thou usher'dst in the day,  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 O Mary dear, departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest,  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid,  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast.



That sacred hour can I forget,  
 Can I forget that hallow'd grove  
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met  
 To live one day of parting love!  
 Eternity cannot efface,  
 Those records dear of transports past;  
 Thy image at our last embrace,  
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!



Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green;  
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,  
 Till too, too soon the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care;  
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear:  
 My Mary, dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest.  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid,  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast.

## LISTEN, LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.

O! LISTEN, listen to the voice of love;  
 He calls my Daphne to the grove,  
 The primrose sweet bedecks the field,  
 The tuneful birds invite to rove.  
 To softer joys let splendor yield,  
 O listen, listen to the voice of love.

Where flowers their blooming sweets exhale,  
 My Daphne let us fondly stray;  
 Where whisp'ring love breathes forth his tale,  
 And shepherds sing their artless lay:  
 O listen, listen to the voice of love,  
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,  
 And leave the town's tumultuous noise;  
 The happy swains all cheerful sing,  
 And echo still repeats their joys:  
 Then listen, listen to the voice of love,  
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.

G 3



## A SUP OF GOOD WHISKY.

A sup of good whisky will make you glad;  
 Too much of the creature will make you mad;  
 If you take it in reason 'twill make you wise;  
 If you drink it to excess 'twill close up your eyes;

Yet Father and Mother,  
 And sister and brother,  
 They all love a sup in their turn.

Some Preachers will tell you to drink is bad,  
 I think so too—if there's none to be had:  
 The Swadler will bid you drink none at all,  
 But while I can get it, a fig for them all,

Both Layman and Brother,  
 In spite of this pother,  
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some Doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,  
 And Justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth,  
 Physicians and Lawyers will all agree,  
 When your money's all gone, they can get no fee;

Yet Surgeon and Doctor,  
 And Lawyer and Proctor,  
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks, who arriv'd from the Port Sublime,  
 They told us that drinking was held a great crime;  
 Yet after their dinner, away they slunk,  
 And tippled their wine, 'till they got quite drunk.

The Sultan and Crommet,  
 And even Mahomet,  
 They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,  
 By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vain;  
 Yet some of the broadbrims will get to the stuff,  
 And tipple away till they've tippled enough.

For Stiff-rump and Steady,  
 And Solomon's Lady,  
 Would all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans will say they can drink the most,  
 The French and Italians will also boast,  
 Hibernia's the country, for all their noise,  
 For generous drinking and hearty boys;

There each jovial fellow,  
 Will drink till he's mellow,  
 And take off his glass in his turn.



## IF THE TREASUR'D GOLD COULD GIVE.

IF the treasur'd gold could give,  
 Man a longer term to live,  
 I'd employ my utmost care,  
 Still to keep and still to spare,  
 And when death approach'd would say,  
 Take thy fee and walk away.

But since riches cannot save,  
 Mortals from the gloomy grave,  
 Why should I myself deceive,  
 Vainly sigh and vainly grieve?  
 Death will surely be my lot,  
 Whether I am rich or not.

Give me freely while I live,  
 Generous wines in plenty give,  
 Soothing joys my life to cheer,  
 Beauty kind and friends sincere;  
 Happy could I ever find,  
 Friends sincere and beauty kind.



## THE PROPHETS.

IN the first book of Job, which I now mean to quote,  
At the fifth and sixth verses you'll find it thus wrote:

" So Moses invited some prophets to dine,  
" And drink a few bottles of gooseberry wine."

Derry down, down, down derry, down!

Then Moses was plac'd in a chair in a trice,  
And Aaron, his crony, deputed his vice,  
When the glass moving quick, and the wine being strong,  
Moses swore they shou'dn't stir till they'd each sung a song.

Some look'd askew, Sir, at first Moses saw,  
(But whate'er Moses said, why you know, Sir, was law:)  
Nay he frankly declar'd, that should any decline,  
He would fine them a bumper of gooseberry wine.

Little David, it seems, Sir, first was the choice,  
For they very well knew he'd an excellent voice;  
But he vow'd he cou'dn't sing, they swore 'twas a thumper,  
And poor little David was fin'd in a bumper,

Rear-Admiral Noah, who much has been said of,  
And his jaunt on the water, which we have all read of,  
Not liking thin gooseberry, call'd for a dram,  
And then gave them the song which he sung to young Ham,

*Noah's Song.—Tune, Heaving of the Lead.*  
And bearing up to gain the port,  
Some well-known object had in view;

An abbey tow'r, or harbour fort,  
 Which o'er the flood old Noah knew:  
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
 And to the watchful pilot sung,  
 By the mark—Seven.

Ezekiel rose next, Sir, a very great fimoaker,  
 But in lighting his pipe, burnt his nose with the poker;  
 Being skilful in music, and proud of his voice,  
 With exquisite fancy this song was his choice.

*Ezekiel's Song.—Tune, Knibb's Pound.*

Why Moses, why Aaron, my boys,  
 I am glad I have met with you here:  
 For Zeky, as all of you knows,  
 He is fond of a drop of good beer;  
 If you mean for to pass all the night.  
 Why say such are your purpose and ends.  
 And d—n me but we'll have a good 'bout,  
 For I love a good pot with my friends.

Then Solomon rose, Sir, all in his glory,  
 And said he had much rather tell them a story;  
 But the cry against that was a great deal too strong,  
 For they would have nothing but "Solomon's Song."

*Solomon's Song.*

I've kiss'd and I've prattl'd with fifty fair maids,  
 And chang'd them as oft do you see;  
 But of all the fair damsels that dance on the green,  
 Dear Sheba's the queen for me.

Next Habakkuk rose, for they took them in course,  
 But Habakkuk's cold had made Habakkuk hoarse;  
 He declar'd he cou'dn't sing, any more than the moon,  
 But if Moses pleas'd he would whistle a tune.—Lillabulles.

Jeremiah rose next, Sir, at Moses' desire,  
 Whom wit, Sir, nor wine, could ever inspire;  
 And in strains that would suit the commemoration,  
 He sung them a verse of his own lamentation.

*Jeremiah's Song.—Tune, Queen Mary's Lamentation.*

I sigh and lament me in vain,  
 These walls can but echo my moan:  
 Alas! it increases my pain,  
 When I think of the days that are gone.  
 Through the grates of my window I see  
 The boys as at marbles they play;  
 I cry, and exclaim out, ah, me!  
 I once could play better than they.

Then up rose little Jonah, who look'd like a jelly,  
 For he was just come, Sir, from the whale's belly;  
 For three days and three nights was he left to despair,  
 But he'd sing to Moses what he suffer'd there.

*Jonah's Song.*

Cease rude Boreas, blustering railer;  
 List ye landmen all to me;  
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
 Sing the dangers of the sea:



In the horrid belly pent, Sir,  
 Think on what I suffer'd there;  
 Forc'd to keep a dismal Lent, Sir,  
 And to breathe infectious air:  
 Nought but fish to feed upon, Sir,  
 And compell'd to eat it raw;  
 All my hopes were almost gone, Sir,  
 E'er I left the monstrous jaw.

Then Samson rose next, once in prowess so big,  
 But at that time friend Samson had just got his wig;  
 He related the tale of his dire mishap,  
 How his wife shav'd his head as he slept in her lap.

*Samson's Song.*

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,  
 Oh, dear, what can the matter be,  
     Samson has lost all his hair,  
 Oh that I e'er should have taken so sound a nap,  
 Oh that I e'er should have taken it in her lap,  
 Oh that I had but tied on my red night cap,  
     Then Samson had ne'er lost his hair;  
 Oh dear what can the matter be,  
 Mercy on me, what can the matter be, &c. *ad libitum.*

They next call'd on Job, as a song was his fort,  
 But they begg'd, as 'twas late, that his song might be short;  
 So he sung Chevy Chase, to a dismal psalm tune,  
 Which the prophets all thought would have lasted till noon.

Now Moses it seems, Sir, who good hours kept,  
While they sat a singing, why he sat and slept;  
But wak'd by the noise, Sir, of calling encore.  
He bid them get home, for they should drink no more.

Well-bred Aaron, it seems, Sir, at this took offence,  
And swore, want of good manners shew'd want of good sense;  
This caus'd a dispute, some reflections were cast,  
But for decency's sake we'll not mention what past.

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PATRICK O'NEAL.

ON April the first I set off, like a fool,  
From Kilkenny to Dublin, to see Lawrence Tool,  
My mother's third cousin, who often wrote down,  
For to come and to see how he flourished in town.  
I had scarce set a foot in the terrible place,  
Before a spalpeen came and star'd me in my face—  
He call'd to a press-gang—they came without fail,  
And soon neck and crap carried Patrick O'Neal.

They scamper'd away as they thought with a prize,  
Taking me for a sailor, you see in disguise,  
But a terrible blunder they made in their strife,  
For I ne'er saw a ship nor the sea in my life.  
Then straight to a tender they made me repair,  
But of tendernefs, devil a morsel was there;  
Och! I ramp'd and I curs'd, but it did not avail  
'Till a great swimming castle met Patrick O'Neal.

This big swinging thief roll'd about in the tide,  
 Wid all her front teeth sticking fast by her side;  
 Where they bid me to mount, and he fure for to keep  
 Fast hold with my trotters for fear I should trip.  
 I let go my hands, and stuck fast with my toes,  
 And (how it could happen, the Lord above knows)  
 Fell plump in the water, and splash'd like a whale,  
 Till pretty well pickled was Patrick O'Neal.

Wid a great swell of laughter, they hoisted me in,  
 To this huge wooden world, full of riot and din;  
 What strings and what pullies attracted my eye,  
 And how large were the sheets that were hung out to dry.  
 It seem'd Noah's ark, stuf't with different guests,  
 Hogs, pedlars, geese, sailors, and all other beasts;  
 Some drank bladders of gin, some drank pitchers of ale,  
 While some fat and laugh'd at poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then to go down below I exprest a great wish,  
 Where they live under water like so many fish;  
 I was clapt in a mess with some more of the crew,  
 They call'd it banyan day—so gave me burgoe;  
 For a bed I'd a sack swung as high as my chin,  
 They call'd it a hammock, and bid me get in:  
 I took a great leap, but my footing was frail,  
 For clean over canted was Patrick O'Neal

The devil a wink could I sleep all the night,  
 And awoke the next morn in a terrible fright;  
 Up hammocks—down chests—they began for to bawl,  
 Here's a Frenchman in sight—sure! says I—is that all?

### III

Then we haul'd up our large window shutters with speed,  
And run out our bull dogs of true English breed;  
While the creatures gave mouth I held fast by the tail,  
And they kick'd and run over poor Patrick O'Neal.

Thus we rattled away, by my foul, hob a nob,  
Till the Frenchman gave out as he thought a bad job,  
To tie him behind, a large cord they did bring,  
And we led him along like a pig in a string,  
Then home to Old England we dragg'd the French boy,  
Och! the sight of the land made me sea-sick for joy;  
They made up a peace, and the war growing stale,  
Set all hands adrift with poor Patrick O'Neal.

So, ye see, on dry land, a safe course I can steer,  
Neither cat-head, nor cat-block, nor any cat fear;  
While there's a shot in the locker, I'll sing I'll be bound,  
And Saturday night shall last all the week round.  
But since king and country now call us amain,  
By the piper of Leinster I'll venture again,  
Make another dry voyage—bring home a fresh tale,  
And you'll laugh till you cry at poor Patrick N'Neal.





## TOM CARELESS.

TOM Careless was odd, like a genius, some said,  
 And his heart, to speak truth, was as odd as his head;  
 For he slighted all maxims to serve his own ends,  
 And he had but one purpose—a zeal for his friends;  
 His motto was this, in whatever you do,  
 ‘Persist in the right and you’re sure to come through.’

In life ’twas his fortune, alas! to take part,  
 In sorrows that wore, and that wounded the heart,  
 To himself, like a miser, he kept all his grief;  
 His philosophy, silence, that slighted relief;  
 When danger oppos’d him he still kept in view  
 His old motto—‘persist and you’re sure to come through.’

Men complain of the sex, but so strange was his mind,  
 Treat them well, he would say, and they’re sure to be kind:  
 When he heard of bad people, this whimsical elf,  
 Had a strange way of thinking all good but himself:  
 The world gave him talents he thought were not true,  
 His empire was temper, and there he came through.

Of foes, while he liv’d, he would reckon on none,  
 When he died all exclaim’d, ‘that good nature was gone;’  
 Tom Careless had converse which sorrow beguil’d,  
 For he talk’d like a man with the heart of a child;  
 And to his last moments this point kept in view,  
 ‘Persist in the right and you’re sure to come through.’

## THE IRISH PEDLAR.

'TIS I am a jolly brisk Pedlar,  
 That never yet fawn'd to the great;  
 In politics I am no medler,  
 I care not who governs the state.

With my diderum doodle,  
 Tregidy, negidy, nogidy, mum,  
 And my goosterum foodle,  
 Fegidy, higidy, hogidy, rum.

Some folks fight the one 'gainst the other,  
 They scramble and make a great rout,  
 But what is the end of their pother,  
 'Tis nought but the in and the out.  
 With their diderum, &c.

My treasury hangs here before me,  
 No rival to pluck or to pull,  
 When empty I never deplore me,  
 For then my exchequer is full.  
 With my diderum, &c.

I've ribands of ev'ry description,  
 Of ev'ry fine colour and hue;  
 Come raise me a little subscription,  
 And you shall have red, green, and blue.  
 Besides diderum, &c.

Do you want any wash-balls or patches,  
 Dear ladies, pray, buy them of me;  
 Or trinkets to hang at your watches,  
 Or garters to wear at your knee.  
 With your diderum, &c.

Then haste to the Pedlar my lasses,  
 And chuse ev'ry one to your mind;  
 My store-box all store-box surpasses,  
 Come try me, and so you shall find.  
 With my diderum, &c.

THE POOR BLACK BOY.

YOU care of money, ah! care no more,  
 No tink if you be rich or poor,  
 My mind employ me, stay wid you,  
 No sorry no.  
 And where away my Massa go,  
 Go poor black boy,

You good to me dat keepy here,  
 No Massa dat you never fear,  
 Long time destroy me know death kill,

But leave one part,  
 He never kill the loving heart  
 Of poor black boy.

  
 DUNCAN'S WARNING.

RECITATIVE.

As o'er the heath, amid his steel-clad Thanes,  
 The royal Duncan rode in martial pride,  
 Where, full to view, high topp'd with glitt'ring vanes,  
 Macbeth's strong tow'rs o'erhung the mountain's side:  
 In dusky mantle wrapp'd, a grisly form  
 Rush'd with a giant stride across the way;  
 And thus, while howl'd around the rising storm,  
 In hollow thund'ring accents pour'd dismay.

SONG.

STOP, O king, thy destin'd course,  
 Furl thy standard, turn thy horse;  
 Death besets this onward track,  
 Come no further, quickly back.

Hear'st thou not the raven's croak?  
 Seest thou not the blasted oak?  
 Feel'st thou not the loaded sky?  
 Read thy danger, king, and fly.



Lo! yon castle banners glare  
 Bloody through the troubled air,  
 Lo! what spectres on the roof,  
 Frowning bid thee stand aloof.

Murder, like an eagle, waits  
 Perch'd above the gloomy gates,  
 Just in act to pounce his prey,  
 Come not near—away, away.

Let not plighted faith beguile  
 Honour's semblance, beauty's smile;  
 Fierce ambition's venom'd dart  
 Rankles in the fest'ring heart.

Treason, arm'd against thy life,  
 Points his dagger, whets his knife,  
 Drugs his stupifying bowl,  
 Steels his unrelenting soul.

Now 'tis time; ere grisly night  
 Closes round thee, speed thy flight;  
 If the threshold once be cross'd,  
 Duncan, thou'rt forever lost.

On he goes!—resistless fate  
 Hastes to fill his mortal date:  
 Cease, ye warnings! vain tho' true,  
 Murder'd king, adieu! adieu!

## SOMEBODY.

WERE I oblig'd to beg my bread,  
 And had not where to lay my head,  
 I'd creep where yonder flocks do feed,  
 And steal a look at somebody.

My own dear somebody,  
 My own dear somebody.

When I'm laid low, and am at rest,  
 And may be number'd with the blest,  
 Then shall thy artless feeling breast,  
 Throb with regard for somebody;

Ah! will you drop one pitying tear,  
 And sigh for the lost somebody.

But should I ever live to see,  
 That form so much admir'd by me,  
 Then would my constancy reward,  
 And make me blest with somebody.

Then shall my tears be dried by thee,  
 And I'll be blest with somebody.

## A SHEPHERD ONCE HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

A SHEPHERD once had lost his love;

Fal la lal la ral de ral de ra.

And as he fought her in the grove;

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

And as he fought her in the grove,

Where she slept fast as he did stray,

A little bird sung from a spray;

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

In vain this bird did strain her throat;

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

In vain she varied oft her note;

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

In vain she varied oft her note;

The foolish shepherd wander'd on,

The fair one rose and soon was gone.

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

At last the bird did to him say;

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

If you will not when you may,

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

If you will not when you may,

Oh when you will you shall have nay;

The little bird then flew away.

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

## LONDON CRIES.

WHEN I to London first came in,

How I began to gape and stare!

The cries, they kept up such a din—

“ Fresh lobsters—dust—and wooden ware!”

A damsel, lovely and black-ey’d,

Tript thro’ the streets, and sweetly cry’d—

“ Buy my live sprats—buy my live sprats.”

A youth on t’other side the way,

With hoarser lungs did echoing say—

“ Buy my live sprats!”

Full shrilly cry’d the chimney-sweep;

The fruitrefs fair, cry’d—“ round and found;”

The Jew would down the zra peep,

To look for custom under ground:

His bag o’er his shoulder slung,

And to the footman sweetly sung—

“ Cloashes to sell—Cloashes!

“ Round and found—sweep.”

Young foot cry’d, “ sweep!” in accents true;

The barrow-lady and the Jew—

“ Round and found—Cloashes.”



A noise at ev'ry turn you'll find—  
 "Ground ivy, rabbit skins to sell;  
 "Great news from France! and knives to grind,  
 "Matts, muffins, milk, and mackerel!"  
 And when these motley noises die,  
 In various tones the watchmen cry—  
 "By the clock—twelve!  
 "Past twelve o'clock!"  
 Then home to bed the shopmen creep,  
 And all the night are kept from sleep,  
 With—"Past—*humph*—o'clock!"

—○—

### THE LULLABY.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,  
 Seamen fear no danger nigh,  
 The winds and waves in gentle motion,  
 Soothe them with their lullaby.  
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,  
 Soothe them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,  
 Still no danger they desery,  
 The guileless heart its boon bestowing,  
 Soothes them with its lullaby.  
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,  
 Soothes them with its lullaby.

## HOME'S HOME.

I'VE thought and I've said it, since I were a boy,  
 That what folks get at easy, they never enjoy!  
 Why I was the same: at what's homely I'd scoff,  
 But how fine, if it com'd a good many miles off!

So big with this fancy, though but a poor clown,  
 I hied me away for to see the great town,  
 Where they push'd me, and throng'd me, all one as a fair;  
 Then they'd titter, and snigger, and laugh; then I'd swear!

Why, bumpkin, didst e'er see such fin'ry as this, in your place?  
 Cry'd a monkey, in trousers. Why yes!  
 You'd your joke, master coxcomb, and now I'll have mine:  
 I've seen peacocks and goldfinches, ten times as fine!

So I left master Whistle, and whistled along,  
 Then humm'd to myself the sag end of a song,  
 The good that we wish for, mayn't match what we've got;  
 Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleas'd with their lot:

And to whatever place discontented folks roam,  
 At last they'll be forc'd to say this of their home—  
 Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely;  
 And damn it, home's home, be it ever so homely!

So, since for strange sights, I to town took my range,  
 Faith, I zeed sights in plenty, and all of them strange;  
 I zeed folks roll in riches that pleasure ne'er knew;  
 I zeed honest poverty, rich as a Jew.

Time and oft, dress'd lamb fashion, I zeed an old ewe?  
 I zeed madam's monkey,\* as smart as her beau;  
 I zeed beauty and virtue, that never knew shame;  
 And I zeed vice carefs'd under modesty's name;

I zeed a fine head-dress, worth more than the head;  
 I zeed folks with their brains out before they were dead;  
 I zeed rogues, of their knavery, making their brags;  
 And I zeed fools in coaches, and merit in rags;

And still through the crowd, as I whistled along,  
 I humm'd to myself, &c.

But what zickened me most, was, one day in the park,  
 As the guns were all firing, a queer looking spark,  
 Cry'd, what nonsense and stuff, with their fufs and parade!  
 Stuff and nonsense, said I; oh! what's that you said?

Why, they fire for a victory, and you have your choice  
 To go home, or with all honest subjects rejoice.  
 Mighty well, cry'd my spark, but a word in your ear—  
 The affairs of the nation are cursedly queer!

Nay, 'tis true we're done up, 'twill be seen by and by!—  
 How much did they give you to catch me, said I.  
 The country's a good one, all good men perceive it,  
 And they that don't like it, why don't! let 'em leave it.

So I left my queer spark, and went whistling along,  
 Then I humm'd to myself, &c.

## JACK JUNK.

'T WAS one day at Wapping, his dangers o'erhauling,  
 Jack Junk cock'd his jemmy, and broach'd a full canny;  
 While a possee of neighbours, of each different calling,  
 Cry'd—only but hear, what a marvellous man!  
 Avast! cry'd out Jack, what's there marvellous in it:

When his time's come the stoutest of hearts must comply:  
 (Why now you, master Tallow-chandler, by way of throw-  
 ing a little light on the subject—don't you think 'tis bet-  
 ter to be extinguished, when one's fighting in defence of  
 one's king and country, than to stay at home lingering,  
 and go out like the snuff of a candle?)—

Then like men do your duty; we all have our minute;  
 And at sea or ashore, we shall live till we die.

Huzza, boys!

Let's live till we die.

Why now you, master Plumber, that marvels at billows!

I shall founder at sea, and you'll die in your bed;

What of that? some have fods, and some waves for their  
 pillows;

And 'tis likely enough we may both die of lead!

And as for the odds, all the difference that's in it,

I shall pop off at once, and you'll lingering lie:

(Why, smite my crooked timbers, who knows but master  
 Snip there, may slip his cable, and break his back, with  
 taking the ninth part of a fall off the shopboard into  
 his own hell!)

Then like men, &c.



As for you, master Bricklayer, to make out your calling,  
 A little like mine, a'nt a matter that's hard;  
 Pray, mayn't you, from a ladder or scaffold be falling,  
 As easy as I, from a ratling or yard?

Then for you its commission a tile may bring in it,  
 As soon as a shot or a splinter for I:

(As for master Doctor, the Undertaker, and Sexton, they  
 don't want no wipe from me; they sends too many folks  
 contented to their long home—not to know how to go  
 there contentedly themselves.)—

Then like men, &c.

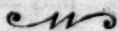
And when Captain Death comes, the reckoning to settle,

You may clear ship for action, as much as you like,  
 And behave like a man, but he's such weight of metal,  
 At the very first broadside the bravest must strike:

And when you have said all you can, what's there in it?

Who, to scud 'gainst a storm, but a lubber would try?  
 (For as to qualms of conscience, cheating customers, be-  
 traying friends, and such like, being a set of honest  
 tradesmen, I dare say you are perfectly easy about these  
 sort of things.)—

Then like men, &c.



#### CALEDONIA.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,  
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;  
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
 With the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,  
 Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;  
 For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,  
 A lift'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze, in their gay 'funny vallies,  
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;  
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace.  
 What are they?—the haunt o' the tyrant and slave?

The slave's spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains,  
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;  
 He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,  
 Save love's willing fetters—the chains of his Jean.



#### THE SHIPWRECKED BOY AT HOME.

THE goddess of war threw her spear on the ground,  
 And peace wav'd her olive-branch gracefully round;  
 A stillness now reign'd o'er the wide-spreading main,  
 The fyrens began a melodious strain:  
 The shipwrecked sea-boy his troubles forgot,  
 The yawn of the waves and the whistling shot;  
 His dear native home press'd strong on his mind,  
 His parents so loving, his sisters so kind.

Then hurried on, with his heart all elate:  
 To embrace them all round, and his story relate;  
 His hard-earned wages he long'd to divide,  
 'Mongst those that he lov'd by his own fire-side.

But, when he arriv'd, say, what pen can express  
 The genial delight, the joy in excess!  
 So welcome at home was this brave little guest,  
 You'd have thought that their welcomes would never have  
 ceas'd.

He hail'd every one, and he smil'd with such glee:—  
 Cry'd, "Hold out your hands, take this present from me,  
 A fine silken 'kerchief each neck to enfold;"  
 But gave to his parents a purse full of gold.  
 The fidler was sent for that liv'd on the green;  
 Such dancing and romping sure never was seen.  
 They gambol'd till Phœbus peep'd over the shed,  
 Then kissing and blessing went peaceful to bed.



### THE BOTTLE.

OUR bottle, brave boys, is the life-spring of pleasure,  
 It spirit and glee can impart;  
 Drown deep-thinking care, bid joy sport without measure,  
 And happiness play round the heart;  
 Then join, boon companions, and swell the gay strain,  
 A life of delight 'twill prolong:  
*Tempus fugit*—then bribe him again and again,  
 With a bottle, a toast, and a song.

Full bumpers the dullest of drones will make merry,  
 Then let us of wine take our fill,  
 The blood of the grape, and the juice of the berry,  
 O'erflowing, shall rapture distil;

With friends, love, and wine, the hours merrily pass;  
 Here's a health to the nymph we adore;  
 Zooks! push round the jorum, and poise high your glass,  
 This is life, boys, encore and encore.



### THE CONVENT BELL.

WHEN waken'd by the Convent bell,  
 At midnight's dark and dreary hour,  
 I rose my mournful beads to tell,  
 And think of life and love no more.  
 In vain I wept, I blush to own,  
 I dropt a tear for him alone.

At sober eve' or twilight grey,  
 The swelling organ's awful sound;  
 Wou'd warn the vestals when to pray,  
 While holy tears bedew'd the ground,  
 In vain I wept, I blush to own,  
 I dropt a tear for him alone.





## O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

O wat ye wha's in yon town,  
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon?  
 The dearest maid's in yon town,  
 That e'ening sun is shining on.

Now, haply, down yon gay green shaw,  
 She wanders by yon spreading tree,  
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw!  
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,  
 And wanton in the blooming year:  
 But doubly welcome be the spring,  
 The season to my Jeanie dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,  
 Among the broomy braes sae green,  
 But my delight in yon town,  
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

Without my fair not a' the charms  
 O' paradise could yield me joy;  
 But gie me Annie in my arms,  
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

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My cave would be a lover's bower,  
 Though raging winter rent the air,  
 And she a lovely little flower,  
 That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town  
 The sinking sun's gaun down upon;  
 The dearest maid's in yon town  
 His setting beam e'er shone upon.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,  
 And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,  
 I'd careless quit ought else below:  
 But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.

For while life's dearest blood runs warm,  
 My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart;  
 For as most lovely is her form,  
 She has the truest, kindest heart.



SONG—BURNS.

I GAED a waefu' gaet yestreen,  
 A gaet, I fear, I'll dearly rue;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,  
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,

Her heaving bosom lily white,  
It was her een so bonny blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyld,  
She charm'd my soul I wat na how,  
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,  
Cam frae her een fae bonny blue.  
But spare I'd speek, and spare I'd speed,  
She'll ablens listen to my vow,  
Shou'd she refuse I'll lay my deed,  
To her twa een of bonny blue.

---

THE SPORTMAN'S INVITATION.

HARK forward away my brave boys to the chace,  
To the joys that sweet exercise yield,  
'The bright ruddy morning breaks on us apace,  
And invites to the sports to the sports of the field.

CHORUS.

Hark forward the cry and cheerful the morn,  
Hark forward the cry and cheerful the morn,  
Then follow the hounds and the merry ton'd horn,  
'Then follow the hounds and the merry ton'd horn,  
The merry ton'd horn.  
Then follow the hounds, follow the hounds,  
Follow the hounds and the merry ton'd horn,  
The merry ton'd horn, the merry ton'd horn,  
Hark! follow the hounds and the merry ton'd horn.

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No music can equal the hounds in full cry,  
 Hark! they open, then hasten away,  
 O'er hill, dale and valley, with vigour they fly,  
 While pursuing the sports, the sports of the day.  
 Hark forward the cry and cheerful the morn, &c.



### THE ARMADA.

BRAVE Betty was a maiden queen,  
 Bold and clever, bold and clever,  
 King Philip then a Spaniard keen,  
 To court her did endeavour.

Queen Bess she frown'd and stroak'd her ruff,  
 And gave the Don a mighty huff,  
 For which he swore her ears he'd cuff  
 All with his grand Armada.

Tol lol lol de rol fal lal la.

Says royal Bess, I'll vengeance take,  
 Blessings on her, blessings on her,  
 But first I'll eat a neat beef steak,  
 All with my maids of honour.  
 Then for her Admirals she went,  
 Drake, Howard, Effingham, she sent,  
 Who dashed Philip's armament,  
 And bang'd his fine Armada.  
 Tel lol lol, &c.



Like fighting rooks the French will fly,  
 To us over, to us over,  
 And Buonaparte cries, let us try  
 Boys, build a bridge to Dover.  
 Balloons amidst the clouds may roll,  
 But for their bridge, I'd take the toll,  
 Our Trollop stands a fighting fowl,  
 My jewels all Armada.  
 Tol lol lol, &c.

Then bless the King, and bless the Queen,  
 All the branch too, royal branch too,  
 Let foes come on it shall be seen,  
 Were loyal and were staunch too.  
 And should French, Dutch, or Spaniards prate,  
 Our Howe, Keith, Duncan, Nelson, great,  
 Will sweetly knock about their pate  
 Just like their fine Armada.  
 Tol lol lol de rol, &c.

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#### JENNY DANG THE WEAVER

AT Willy's wedding on the green,  
 The lassies, bonny witches,  
 Were a' drest out in aprons clean,  
 And bra white Sunday mutches.

Auld Maggy bauld the lads take tent,  
 But Jock would not believe her,  
 But soon the fool his folly kent,  
 For Jenny dang the weaver.  
 Jenny dang, &c.

At ilka country dance or reel,  
 Wi' her he wou'd be bobbing,  
 When she fat down, he fat down,  
 And to her wou'd be gabbing.  
 Where'er she gaed baith but and ben,  
 The cuif wou'd never leave her  
 Ay keckling like a clocking hen,  
 But Jenny dang the weaver.  
 Jenny Dang, &c.

Quo he, my lasa, to speak my mind,  
 In troth I need na swither,  
 Your bonny e'en, and if your kind  
 Ise never seek anither.  
 He hum'd and haud, the lasa cry'd peugh,  
 And bauld the cuif no deave her,  
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,  
 And dang the silly weaver.  
 And Jenny dang, dang, dang,  
 Jenny dang the weaver,  
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh;  
 And dang the silly weaver.

## MEGAN OH, OH MEGAN EE.

SLEEP you or wake you, Lady bright,

Sing megan oh, oh megan ee,

Now is the fittest time for flight,

Sing megan oh, oh megan ee,

Know from your tyrant father's power,

Beneath the window of your tower,

A boat now waits to set you free.

Sing megan oh, oh megan ee, &c.

Though deep the stream, though high the wall,

Sing megan oh, &c.

The danger trust me, love, is small,

Sing megan oh, &c.

To spring below then never dread,

My arms to catch you shall be spread,

And far from hence you soon shall be.

Sing megan oh, &c.

Fair Emma hush'd her heart's alarms,

Sing megan oh, &c.

She sprung into her lover's arms,

Sing megan oh, &c.

Unhurt she fell, then swift its way,

The boat pursu'd without delay,

With Emma plac'd on Edgar's knee,

Sing megan oh, &c.

## KILKENNY IS A HANDSOME PLACE.

KILKENNY is a handsome place  
 As any town in Shamrockshire,  
 There first I saw my Jemmy's face,  
 There Jemmy first beheld his dear.  
 My love he was a bashful boy,  
 And I a simple girl to see,  
 Yet I was Jemmy's only joy  
 And Jemmy was the lad for me.

But Dublin city bore the bell,  
 In streets and squares and houses fine;  
 Oh here young Dick his love could tell,  
 And then I told young Dickey mine.  
 For Dick he was a roving blade,  
 And I was hearty bold and free,  
 He lov'd and I his love repaid,  
 Then Dickey was the lad for me.

When Dover Strand became my lot,  
 And William there my love did crown,  
 Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,  
 Kilkenny fair and Dublin town;  
 For William was a gentle youth,  
 Too bashful nor too bold for me,  
 He said he lov'd and told me truth,  
 And William was the lad for me.



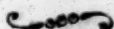
## THE WAT'RY GRAVE.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,  
 That tears from a stone might provoke,  
 'Tis concerning a tar you must know,  
 As honest as e'er biscuit broke.  
 His name was Ben Block, of all men  
 The most true, the most kind, the most brave,  
 But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben  
 In his prime found a wat'ry grave.

His place no one ever knew more,  
 His heart was all kindness and love;  
 Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,  
 His nature had most of the dove.  
 He lov'd a fair maid named Kate;  
 His father, to int'rest a slave,  
 Sent him far from love, where hard fate  
 Plung'd him deep in the wat'ry grave.

A curse on all stand'rous tongues,  
 A false friend his mild nature abus'd;  
 And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,  
 To poison Ben's pleasure accus'd:  
 That she never had truly been kind:  
 That false were the tokens she gave;  
 That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find  
 In the ocean a wat'ry grave.

Too sure from this cank'rous elf,  
 The venom accomplish'd its end;  
 Ben, all truth and honour himself,  
 Suspected no fraud in his friend:  
 On the yard while suspended in air,  
 A loose to his sorrows he gave,  
 Take thy wish, cry'd he, false cruel fair,  
 And plung'd in a wat'ry grave.



DEAR LITTLE COTTAGE MAIDEN.

FROM place to place I travers'd long,  
 Devoid of care or sorrow;  
 With lightsome heart, and merry song,  
 I thought not of to-morrow;  
 But when Priscilla caught my eye,  
 With every charm array'd in,  
 I sigh'd and sung, I knew not why,  
 Dear little Cottage Maiden.

And wou'd the charmer be but mine,  
 Sweet nymph, I so revere thee,  
 I'd gladly share my fate with thine,  
 And evermore be near thee:  
 Though gold may please the proud and great,  
 My heart with love is laden;  
 Then let us join in wedlock's state,  
 Dear little Cottage Maiden.

O'er me and mine, come mistress prove,  
 And then what ill can harm us?  
 Kind Hymen will each fear remove,  
 And spread each sweet to charm us:  
 Together we will live content,  
 And nought but love will trade in;  
 So sweetly shall our lives be spent,  
 Dear little Cottage Maiden.



#### MESSMATES AT SEA.

BRAVE Oakum, Mainbrace, honest Jack,  
 Mat Midships too, was there,  
 Who'd the compass box, knew every tack,  
 Could handle well, reef, steer;  
 The glasses jingled, mirth went round,  
 We troll'd a merry glee;  
 And while carousing on dry ground,  
 To our Messmates drank at Sea.

Sal Spriggings, who was there d'ye mind,  
 And she was all my pride!  
 Said, while with tears her eyes were blind,  
 And we sat side by side;  
 "Dear Jack," says she, "my heart will break,  
 "When you're far off from me."  
 "Lord! Sall," says I, "a noggin take,  
 "To our Messmates out at Sea.

A thousand other toasts we gave,  
 With mirth our cabins ring!  
 "May a Britain never be a slave!  
 "The navy! George our King!"  
 At length (from topping I ne'er shrunk,)
 It somehow seem'd to me,  
 I could see plainest, when blind drunk,  
 To my Messmates drink at Sea.

Love of our isle my heart commands,  
 For Britain's fame I burn,  
 Where native freedom pipes all hands,  
 And steps from stem to stern;  
 From death or glory I'll ne'er shrink,  
 But douse life's colours free;  
 Yet while at anchor here, I'll drink  
 To my Messmates out at Sea.



#### RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first at Heav'n's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung this strain:

#### CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,  
 For Britons never will be slaves.



The nations, not so blest as thee,  
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down,  
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
 And work their woe, and thy renown.

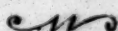
To thee belong the rural reign,  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,  
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

The muses still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair, [crown'd,  
 Bless'd isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.



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